Creditor

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 59 COSHOCTON, OHIO, AUGUST 11, 1883. NUMBER 32.

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COUNTY AND VICINITY.

For the Campaign

THE COSHOCTON AGE will be sent to the address of new subscribers during the Campaign, to October 18th, for TWENTY FIVE CENTS. Subscriptions with the money may be left with your Postmaster, or forwarded to this office Let the friends of the Republican cause secure subscribers immediately and forward their names.

MRS. R J HOOKER and daughter Minnie are visiting friend in Ashland

MR SAM BAKER, of Cincinnati, is spending a few days with his friends here.

MR. CHARLEY GEIDEL is in Missouri, partly on business and partly for pleasure.

MRS. D HUTCHINS and grand daughter, Jennie Sykes, are visiting in Lancaster

MR. JAMES BRISTER and family, of Dayton, are visiting Mr. Brister's mother, in Coshocton.

MR. D. H. MORTLEY is supplying the market with nice tomatoes grown in Muskingum county

SNEAK thieves entered the residence of Daniel Angle, near Plainfield, and stole $60 in gold. No clue

MRS J. C HARRISON, of Roscoe has gone to the Magnetic Springs, in Union county, or : brief stay

THERE will be services at the Baptist church next Sunday at 7:30 o'clock P. M. S School at 9:30, A. M.

REV. A. L. JORDON, of Columbus, will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Newcomers town fair to be held the first week in October

THERE will be a Mite Society at Wm. G. Hay's residence, on Cherry street, next Thursday evening A full patronage is invited

THE Dresden Band has been employed to furnish music at the lawn fete at Conesville, Saturday evening. A grand time is expected.

MRS. W. H. BURKE and daughter Hattie have returned to their home in Steubenville after a pleasant visit with Mrs. R. J. Hooker, in Roscoe.

THE eight year old son of Mr. Philip Wolfe fell from an apple tree last Monday and broke his left arm in two places and dislocated it at the elbow.

MR. JESSE WEBB, for five years an inmate of the County Infirmary died Sunday morning, aged 82. His remains were taken to London, Ohio, for interment.

THE Guernsey Times has been enlarged to a 36 column paper and the columns lengthened. It is greatly improved and continues to grow better every week.

THE Coshocton Baptist Sunday School Convention will hold its session with the Lewisville Baptist Church on Wednesday, the 15th inst., beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

DR. M. F. LEE, formerly of Perry township, this county, but for the past several years a successful practitioner in Columbus, has been given a chair in the Columbus Medical College.

THE 17th Regiment, O. N. G, of which the Coshocton Company is a member, will go into annual encampment at Congress Lake on the 15th inst. and will remain in camp for ten days.

MRS. FRANK MISKIMEN, of Newcomerstown, and her two sisters, Mrs. Manema Curyea, of Strawn, Ills, and Mrs. Belle Wear, of Elkhart, Ind., are visiting relatives and friends in Coshocton.

The operators on the Pan Handle have struck so far as Western Union is concerned, and no messages can be sent The strike continues throughout the country with no prospect of early settlement.

ALL Comrads of Richard Lanning Post No. 69, G. A. R., are requested to be present at a special meeting on Tuesday night at 7½ o'clock to transact business pertaining to the re union of ex-soldiers of Coshocton county.

THE ladies of the Plainfield M. E Church will give an Ice Cream Festival on the evening of Thursday Aug. 16. Proceeds for the benefit of the curch. Good music will be in attendance and a liberal patronage is solicited.

THE Democratic Executive Committee was organized Monday night by the election of Col. J. D. Nicholas for chairman, W. H. McCabe for secretary, Lewis Miller for treasurer. It is a mixed crowd—Mushroom and old Established.

THE Coshocton Baptist Association will hold it annual meeting with the Canal Lewisville Baptist Church" on Thursday and Friday of next week, 16th and 17th inst. The introductory sermon will be preached Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

SUPERINTENDENT RICHISON at the Infirmary has cut and put up this year 100 tons of as nice hay as ever went into a mow. Heretofore it has been customary to put up but about 50 tons, but the crop this year is far ahead of the usual.

MR. JOHN HESKETT and family are visiting Mr. Hesket's mother on Main street. An eight week's siege of typhoid fever has left him in a delicate condition but he now is in a fair way to permanently recover His many friends wish him Godspeed.

POOR, half deranged Stiner Mobley attempted suicide Monday evening by placing himself befor an approaching passenger train. He was observed in time to prevent his accomplishing his desire. He was very indignant thereat, however, and threatened to try again.

THE ladies of Pleasant Hill Baptist church, Jackson township, will hold a festival at the church on Saturday evening, August 18th. Ice cream &c., will be served. Proceeds for benefit of the church. The Mohawk Cornet Band will be present A liberal patronage is desired.

AT a meeting of the Coshocton Board of Education last Friday evening Mr Charles E. Stoakes, of Seville, Medina county, was employed as Principal of the East school building, at a salary of $400. Messrs. Robert Platt and James Long, home teachers, were applicants for the position.

THERE will be a match race between Little Frank, owned by C. C. Staats, of New Castle, and a black mare, owned by Thomas Mires, of Spencer, Ohio, for one hundred dollars a side, to be run at a place called Miller's Lane, below Walhonding, Coshocton county, on the 16th inst.

LAST Sunday a little child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanlon, stopping with the Sawyer family in Coshocton, fell into a cistern. Another little girl gave the alarm, and a neighbor woman rushed to the cistern, and with a garden rake prevented the little one from going to the bottom until it was rescued.—Democrat.

MRS. W. D. GIBSON writing from Eden, Erie county, N. Y. to order THE AGE continued to her address, asys: "I shall stay here the coming year at least. We are having raw, cold winds and the weather has been so wet that it is a wonder that anything lives I am glad to see that the temperance cause is getting a little start in Coshocton."

LAST Tuesday Mr. Anderson Powleson who lives a few miles east of Coshocton took home with him a bottle of solution of chloral. Toward evening a four year old child gave to its two year old sister a portion of the contents of the bottle, and by Saturday morning it was dead. The shock to the parents was great and the sympathy of the friends and neighbors is extended

DOGS in Oxford township are destroying the sheep. Last Sunday morning two sheep were killed for Mr. Henry Cole. Mr. Cole saw the dog in time to kill it. Monday morning two dogs got among the sheep of Mr. Thomas West after daylight and killed and wounded twenty-four. One of the dogs was killed and the other tracked to his home, but the owner would not allow it to be killed.

A PECULIAR case at Coalport attracts the attention of medical men. Mr. Robert Harris is the father of a babe eight months old, and it is now no larger than when first born. It has suffered from what is known in medical terms as infantile marasmus, or inanition, which means that the liver refuses to act All food taken by it passes away in the same condition in which it enters the stomach. The child is nothing more than a skeleton, and all hopes of its recovery are abandoned.

THROUGH an oversight THE AGE neglected to mention the death of Mr. William Shearn, of Franklin township, which occurred on the 19th ult. Mr. Shearn was born in Wales in 1826, and came to America in 1849, and in all this time has made his home in this county, with the exception of a brief period in St. Louis. He had been a consistent member of the M. E. Church for more than twenty years. He leaves a wife and five children. His death resulted from cancer of the stomach.

LAST Saturday was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. D B. Whittemore, of Keene, and in response to invitations a goodly number of the immediate friends of the married couple gathered at their home in Keene, among whom were John Whittemore and wife, Geo. Wright and wife, Albert Wright and wife, L. H. Reed and wife, William Wright and wife, and others of whom we have not been able to learn. The time was spent pleasantly, and a most elegant and bounteous supper was served.

A CORRESPONDENT in Tiverton township writes that he was down to West Carlisle a few days ago, and observed through Perry and New Castle townships that wheat is almost an utter failure; corn mostly looks well, but some fields are ruined by grub worms; oats good, and hay extra. Grandmother Preston, living in West Carlisle, aged 84, is suffering from dropsy. The wife of James W. Cullison was thought to be dying. Some sheep are being sold at from $2.75 to $4.00 per cwt. Good yearling steers, $20.

LAST Saturday the Pan Handle Railway Company gave to its employes a free excursion to Newark, where they picnicked in the Fair Grounds. Two trains passed through Coshocton—one of 28 cars, containing the employes at Dennison and intermediate places, and one of ten cars containing the employes from Steubenville. Trains were also run from Columbus, making in all 3000 people, besides the Newarkites on the grounds The day was most pleasantly spent, and the friendship between employers and employes more closely cemented.

AFTER all Coshocton is not such a bad place for an abode for people of color. The vital statistics of the year, as appears from records in the Probate office, show that no deaths occurred among the colored population during last year—Democrat.

No, but the time was in years agone, when the presence of a gentleman of color, on our streets was sufficient to excite a mob, and always resulted in the colored man very suddenly leaving town. But twenty-three years of Republican rule has changed affairs somewhat, and even now our moss back Democrats are willing and anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the colored man about election time

THE following is a summary of the workings of the Scott law in this county, as returned by Auditor Cassingham to the Auditor of State: No. of saloons at $200 each, 26; amount of taxes assessed, $5,015.59; number of saloons at $100 each, 7; amount of taxes assessed, $680.55; amount of penalties assessed, $20; total number of saloons, 33; total amount of penalties and taxes assessed $5,716.14; total amount collected, $5,596.14; amount remaining unpaid, $120. The amount collected is distributed as follows: Treasurers fees, $44 77; municipal police fund, $1,527.25; municipal general fund, $1,527.26; county poor fund, $2,496.86 The saloonist not paying is Mr. Hamberger, of Bakersville.

MR. AND MRS. T. J. COOK, of Plainfield, suffered bereavement this week that can be appreciated by none but those who have had similar experience. George, their five months old child—the household pet, and the darling of all—died Monday morning last of brain fever The sorrow on such an occasion is great, and sympathy from an outside world, though freely extended, seems cold. Mr. Cook writes, "O, how strongly he wound himself around our hearts. Though only a few months he stayed, he exerted an influence that we shall not forget." Lowell has beautifully said:

> "He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
> And wandered hither, so his stay
> With us was short, and 'twas most meet
> That he should be no delver in earth's clod
> Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
> To stand before his God—
> O blest word—Evermore!"

THE crop correspondents in Coshocton county for the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, as shown in the report for July and August, are: B. C. Blackburn, Roscoe, Jackson; Calvin Boyd, Canal Lewisville, Keene; Wm Cole, White Eyes Plains, Oxford; D. F. Denman, Coshocton, Tuscarawas; Geo. Elliott, New Guilford, Perry; J. A. Finlay, Keene, Millcreek; R. A. Given, Mohawk Village, Jefferson; Samuel Hagans, New Castle, New Castle; I. D. Luke, New Bedford, Crawford; E. L. Lybarger, Spring Mountain, Monroe; James Magness, Plainfield, Linton; J. J. Parrish, Mohawk Village, Bedford; Jas L. Rogers, West Lafayette, Lafayette; Harrison Wagoner, Coshocton, Tuscarawas. The following reports are made from this county upon the various crops: Wheat, probable yield, 449 306; rye, 93 per cent. as compared with last year; oats, 116; corn, 95; potatoes 121; timothy hay, 108; clover hay, 96; apples, 24; peaches, 33; grapes, 80.

The New Round-House.

The Connotton Valley round-house at this place was finished last week, and its structure compares with all the other buildings along the line—first-class It has track room for three engines. They do not use a turn-table but switches. The first engine "in" was the Carrolton, No 13. We paid a visit to the round-house one evening this week and were pleased to learn of the management of such a place Mr. Samuel Toombs is the foreman, and by-the-way, he is one of the pleasant sort, something uncommon among railroad men.

The way a railroad locomotive is cared for requires a person of some knowledge of machinery. When the engine is "run in" it is anything but clean. It is covered with oil, dust and soot, but when she is "brought out" if you did not know, you would think she was bran new; her brass all glittering and her motive works as clean as when she was built.

Mr. T. was scarcely through explaining the parts of the engine Al Koran when the engine that brought the passenger train in which is due here at 9:15 p. m was "brought in." As the engineer turned her over to the foreman we heard him say something like this: Sam! rub her down well to-night; see that she is all right internally and externally; put a little chopped feed in her oats; warm her up about 4 o'clock in the morning, she is going to have another run.

On examination we found her foremost end to be smeared with hair, hide and blood, which bore evidence that she had struck an animal of the bovine species.

PRESTO.

Teachers Institute.

The Institute of Coshocton County Teachers is a great success in point of the number attending, as there are 103 names enrolled, and of from 80 to 90 average attendance. Proceedings were instituted on Monday morning by J W Murphy, President. The day was principally occupied in preparation for work Prof T C Mendenhall and Dr A Schuyler, the former of Ohio University, Columbus, and formerly professor of Physics in the Tokio University, Japan, and the latter President of Baldwin University, and author of the Schuyler text books, Logic, Psychology, &c, were the Instructors. The greatest interest is manifested in the work of these instructors, who are undoubtedly masters in the art of instruction. On the whole, we have had a very profitable session of Coshocton County Institute, notwithstanding the fact that our President, J. W. Murphy, left us on the first day and remained absent during the entire session.

Too many compliments cannot be paid our worthy instructors for the very intense interest they have taken in our welfare and progress, for the intensely interesting manner in which they have presented their subjects, and for the kindness with which they have answered the queries propounded to them. Prof. Mendenhall has won the gratitude, love and esteem of every teacher who attended the Institute, and there are a few who almost worship him. Prof Schuyler is a very able man intellectually and is a little absent minded, and the way he goes for Prof. Mendenhall's scientific apparatus is one of the most amusing features of the present Institute. He uses some parts for a paper hook, others for rules and pointers, and in fact plays havoc with physics in general while Prof Mendenhall sits trembling in his boots observing the smash-up.

Among the lectures the most interesting, perhaps, which were all intensely interesting, were Mendenhall's on Physics, and Schuyler's, on Grammar

Among visitors were Prof Yarnell, present Superintendent of Coshocton Public Schools; Mr and Mrs Ward, teachers of Grafton, Loraine county; Mr Richard Powell, of Indiana; Mrs Prof Mendenhall; ministers Trichler, Williams, Conkle and Hunt; Examiner Harris, and Prospective State Senator Crowell.

IRA L. SHARP

Auditor's Office

The school fund, as apportioned to the townships and special school districts, is now ready for distribution; the total amount is $29,465 50, which is obtained from the following sources: State Common School fund, $6,438 75 which is paid by the State at the rate of 75 cents for each person of school age, of which there are in this county 8,585. Township tuition fund $16,810.79, and township contingent fund $6,215.96 levied by the township trustees. The total amount of taxes paid in for the different townships for all purposes except school fund, is $7,233.26. Total collected for the village of Coshocton for all purposes except schools, $4,594.63.

The County Treasurer has collected for the State and will pay to the State Treasurer $18,580.38.

The subjoined table shows the amount of school funds to which each township is entitled:

Adams	$1,871.53
Bethlehem	1,270 90
Bedford	1,051.85
Bedford s s. d	322.15
Clark	1,115.26
Crawford	1,943 26
Franklin	1,498.22
Jefferson	1,622,40
Jackson	1,591.38
Roscoe u. s. d.	623.09
Keene	1,476.50
Lafayette	728.01
Lafayette s. s. d.	542.00
Linton	2,352.55
Mill Creek	558.88
Monroe	778 18
New Castle	1,165.17
New Castle s. s. d.	577 76
Oxford	1,361.93
Pike	1,110.58
West Carlisle s s. d.	225,60
Perry	1,079.90
Tuscarawas	1,506.30
Coshocton u s. d.	4,449.71
Tiverton	1,375.79
Virginia	1,366.60
Washington	1,114.38
White Eyes	1,490.56

Township Treasurers can draw their money on and after Monday, August 13.

Woman.

There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust, which searches for extraneous support, is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconvenience, and its sufferings Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the bosom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man at once determines his position, and asserts his place; woman has hers to seek, and alas! I fear that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs and that lip quivers to the last, until, like a wounded bird she can once more wing her way to that tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest! The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her striking sensibility, the cravings of her alieniated heart are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength.

The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom, and she moves on amid the heat and hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection.

Coshocton, O., July 31st '83. ⁂

Tuscarawas Township Delegates to Republican County Convention

1 L. K. Anderson,
2 J. F. Meek,
3 Robt. Platt,
4 W. H. Barcroft,
5 J. K. Johnson,
6 J. J. Rose,
7 Alexander Hay,
8 John G. Magaw,
9 G. G. Andrews,
10 Chas. Anderson,
11 Edward Glover,
12 Geo. C. Lee,
13 John M. Compton,
14 E. J. Stickle,
15 Frank C. Hay,
16 John Robson,
17 John Connelly,
18 Geo. A. Hay,
19 Jos. H. Hay,
20 T. V. Deary,
21 Jas. R. Johnson,
22 Jas. Henderson,
23 W. H. Robinson, Jr.,
24 W. W. Bostwick,
25 C. E. Ransom,
26 John Stewart,
27 R. B. Black,
28 Major Mills,
29 Joseph Barrett,
30 Jock Shaw,
31 Seth McClain,
32 John Stevenson,
33 Chas. Peacock,
34 John Speckman,
35 Jeff. Madden,
36 A. M. Williams,
37 Cor. McCoy,
38 Hugh Lynch,
39 J. S Elliott,
40 David Markley,
41 John Ferrell, Sr.,
42 Henry King,
43 Joseph Tingle,

ALTERNATES.

1 Levi Williams,
2 D. C. Martin,
3 Jas. Stewart, Sr,
4 R. T. Compton,
5 Jas. Stewart, Jr.,
6 F. E. Stoakes,
7 Wm. P. Hay,
8 Jas. Collier,
9 Will G. Hay,
10 Hugh McFadden,
11 Wm. Wright,
12 Stewart McFadden,
13 Thos. McGovern,
14 David Houston,
15 Wm. Enoch.

Married.

On the 4th inst., by L. L. Cantwell Esq., Mr. Lawrence Cox and Miss Maggie Pepper.

Plainfield.

Mr. John Criswell, is renovating his dwelling house and making it new.

Rev. A. P. Powelson, of Yale, is home on vacation. He preaches for a Congregational church at Woodberry, Conn.

Miss Ella Baker, of this village, has taken a fall term of school for two months, at the Burt school house, where she taught the fore part of the summer.

The piers at Lawry's run are ready for the superstructure, and the filling at the ends is advertised.

Mrs. Reed Tiderick's sister and her daughter are on a visit here at Mr. T's.

Jacob Michael took a lot of fat cattle and fat sheep to Pittsburgh last Monday. Also, Robert Kirk took a car load or two of cattle.

T. J. Cook's youngest child, a little boy, died last Monday of brain fever. Whooping cough is about.

Letter From Columbus

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 7, 1883.

We are authoritatively informed that Judge Hoadly's mixing with the soldiers during the late National Reunion in Columbus, has in great measure stirred up his "bile," and that he is going to make his campaign more aggressive than ever. It don't open until September 15, so the Judge has over a month in which to get "all-fired mad." We are of the opinion that the Judge attended the wrong reunion as his great organ, the Cincinnati News Journal, gave the National Soldiers' Reunion in Columbus only about a fourth as much space in its columns as it gave to the description of the reunion of rebel John Morgan's men at Lexington, Kentucky. It also gave a poem, strongly tinged with Southern sentiment, which was greeted with "tremendous cheers," of which the following is a sample:

> 'Can this be Morgan's old brigade,
> The same we used to know,
> Which made the grand Ohio raid,
> A score of years ago?
> If those whose heads now wear the grey
> Be truly Morgan's men,
> They'd give their blue-grass farms to-day
> To make that raid again."

It is, however, very probable that the raid will not be made before October, when our border counties will no doubt be invaded in the interests of Democracy. If such a game is attempted the Morgan's men who are captured will be willing to give their "blue-grass farms" to get back home again.

Mr. Daniel Emerson; in a letter to the Akron Beacon, in closing a sketch of Mr. Hoadly, works in the following bit of philosophy, which the Judge will do well to paste in his hat for ready reference:

"As I am not a prophet nor a son of a prophet, I do not here forecast his failure or success, but as a philosopher I look upon the outcome of his canvass with interest, for, so far as I now recollect, not one of the 'alert' summersaulters from the Republican ranks, from Greeley and Chase clear through, has ever succeeded in reaching his goal, or in compassing anything but final mortification and defeat." This is nothing more than the truth, Judge.

The best thing out on Hoadly is the late private interview of "Jayhawker" of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in which he interviewed himself to the extent of giving away Judge Hoadly's declaration that if he was successful the News-Journal was to entirely submerge the Enquirer. The jovial "Jayhawker" also was so kind as to compare Hoadly to the under cat in the fight, and Foraker to one of these imitation cats made of steel spring and buzz saws which is put out on the back roof as a decoy for live cats; when one approaches the steel cat steels upon it unawáres, gives a fearful lunge and grinds up the live cat into infinitesimal mince-meat, and violin strings in short metre.

The Washington Critic, in commenting upon this revelation, says: "Jim Woodard, alias Jayhawker, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, can keep a secret the closest, and let it out more 'unbeknownstously' to himself than any other man in the Union. Ask Hoadly. Jim is a slick citizen."

NOTES AND NOTATIOMS.

The Franklin county Republican Convention met at the City Hall on last Saturday, a substantial, intelligent and representative looking body, and proceeded with business smoothly and quietly, as if it believed its work was going to be ratified by the people. The ticket nominated might have been stronger with the abundant material at command, but it is as strong and popular a ticket as can be put up by the Democrats at all events. They may be said to have played their cards with skill, and with a view to taking all the tricks, to use an expressive phrase.

Columbus is again visited by another "crank." This time it is a reformed gambler who travels in a flashy wagon containing an organ, a coach dog, and three boys who from a choir; the wagon is labeled in neat lettering, "Pilgrims," and is drawn by two splendid grey horses. The reformed gambler lectures on "General Cussedness," and "Social Evils" on the street, from his wagon, and on other interesting (?) topics, and says that he could once play a good game of poker, but has quit the business and is working wholly for the good of the people. At the end of his circular is the following postscript: "Mr. Long will expect entertainment by the good people, and is supported by collections taken at the close of the lecture." He also sells a good-sized book in which he has detailed his experiences, at a cost of $1, and has taken a large tin pan full of money at some of his out-door lectures. Who says that humbuggery don't pay?

During the first part of the present week the "Sons of Veterans," a new organization, has held its National Convention here, and has dropped down upon our city, a mere handful of delegates, one from each State in the Union, and like the old veterans, the Sons of Veterans held a "campfire" and enjoyed themselves hugely. There is nothing to be compared with playing soldier, but when it comes to a realization of "war's alarms" it is a different thing, altogether, boys.

The next thing of importance is an Aquatic Tournament, to be given here the 10th, which has been dubbed a "State" affair. How many foolish things are daily being perpetrated in the name of the great State of Ohio?

The Fourteenth Regiment, O. N. G., will go into encampment at Cuyahoga Falls, on Wednesday, for a six days' stay. Excursions will also be run from Columbus, and everything will be done to make it lively for the boys, to keep them from becoming home-sick.

Attorney General Hollingsworth is of the opinion that drug stores can not be prohibited under the Scott law from selling distilled liquors by the pin or quart if not drank on the premises.

FARRAND.

Death on the Rail.

Our Newcomerstown correspondent writes: At an early hour Thursday morning the people of Newscomerstown were shocked with news of a sad railroad accident just below town on the Pan Handle track. Mr. A. J. Miller, a fisherman, was going to his lines, and while walking along on the track was struck by the engine of a freight train and almost instantly killed. Mr. Miller was about 57 years of age, and for the past two years has been paralyzed in speech and subject to frequent attacks of insanity. He arose about half past five o'clock this morning and said he was going to the river to see his out lines. His people endeavored to persuade him to remain at home, realizing that he was in no fit condition to travel alone. They cautioned him about walking along the track. The 6:15 passenger train discovered him walking on the track ahead, and whistled, but the man paid no heed to the warning and they were compelled to stop and remove him. The freight train came immediately after, and he was seen walking on the ends of the ties. They whistled a warning, but he kept on the ties, and the train men supposing he would step off the track, came on. The engine struck him and knocked him some distance from the track. He was not mangled in any way. The alarm was given, and he was taken to his home. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved relatives.

DOANE.

Probate Court.

Daniel Mikesell was appointed administrator of the estate of Diver McMillen, deceased. Bond $4,000.

Mariage licenses were issued to Avlen W. Owens and Anna B. Hood. Harvey Thacker and Eliza Dawson. Lawrence Cox and Maggie Pepper. William Shaffer and Elizabeth Seward.

FRESH fish—Salmon, pike, pickeral, black bass, trout, white fish, catfish, &c., &c, every day, nicely dressed ready for the pan, at the Second street Fish Ranche.

THOSE Fresh Fish—nicely dressed, ready for the frying pan, at the Second street Fish Ranche are absolutely superb. Try them.

J W. SHAW and daughter spent two days last week at the office and factory of the White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, where they were very kindly entertained by the White Co., and showed through the principal parts of the factory, where they are turning out about 300 machines a day. The White is a beautiful machine, and well made of the best of material, and is sure to last and give satisfaction. Mr Shaw was also taken among the expert operators, when he saw very beautiful work done by the White—embroidering, beading and hem-stiching, as well as other fancy work too numerous to mention, that cannot be equalled by any other machine in the market. Mr. Shaw has got some very valuble ideas about operating the machine, and will feel pleasure in showing such to any of his customers. Call and see him. Main street, opposite the postoffice. *

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I have appointed my son, J. S. Stockman, as my representative, who will attend to all of my business. Any person having business with me will please call on him.

2t SARAH WAGONER.

Keene Township High School

The fourth year of Keene Academy and High School will begin Monday, Sept. 3d, 1883. There will be ten months of public school during the year The first term will continue ten weeks, ending Nov. 9th. The winter term, of twenty weeks, will begin Nov. 19, and end April 11th, 1884. The spring term will consist of ten weeks, beginning April 21 and ending June 27. Students from the township and elsewhere are requested to be prompt in attendance.

2t T. D. DUNCAN, Principal.

THE next term of the Putnam Female Seminary, at Zanesville, Ohio, will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 5th, 1883. The Trustees having again taken control of the Institution take pleasure in announcing that they have secured for Principal Miss Anne C. Cantrell, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Mass—one of the most noted institutions in the world—with a competent corps of assistants. The building is being refitted, papered, painted, and the rooms will be as comfortable and home-like as it is possible to make them. Terms moderate. For catalogues or other information address J. Buckingham, Zanesville, O. July 7-6t.

THE ALLEN GIRLS.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

"If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none."

BY MISS KATE RICHMOND.

"If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none," Lydia Allen chanted, as she turned to toss an armful of white work to the table behind her. She was sitting at her sewing-machine, where she had been all day except just the little while she had spent over her lunch. The lunch was dinner as well, since, being a house full of women, cold meat and berries and bread and butter took the place of the ceremonious meal that a man in the house would have made necessary.

Leah made no answer. Leah was putting in gussets and making buttonholes in the shirts that her sister stitched. It was close work, and kept her silent, but then Leah was always quiet.

Kitty tossed her round arms above her head, yawning with a little impatient emphasis.

"I *hate* poverty—don't you Leah?"

"Yes, dear—sometimes."

Kitty stopped with upraised arms to stare at her sister. The even stitches were going in just as rapidly and surely, the slow swings of the low rocking-chair vibrated as steadily, but Kitty felt that her own vehemence meant no more than the few placid, low-toned words.

"We are dreadfully poor," taking up her work again with a sigh.

And Leah said, "Yes, dear," again, and finished a buttonhole without raising her eyes.

They were pretty girls, both of them, but Leah at twenty-four was so gravely sober that to childish nineteen-years-old Kitty she seemed a generation away. Sweet and prim and dainty, she sat in her cool lawn and sewed as if it were an afternoon amusement instead of a struggle for bread and butter.

Kitty's silky, curling hair was twisted up anyhow on the top of her head. She had on an old white sacque, and her feet were thrust into a pair of burst and broken slippers. Kitty could never work except in a condition of disarray, and to-day there had been a special pressure.

There came a ring at the door.

"There!" in dismay. "You'll have to go, Leah, and whoever it is, say I'm out—I'm going out, to pick the strawberries."

Leah was quite used to being left to cover a retreat. She went quietly and opened the door for Richard Mason.

"Isn't Kitty at home?" They had always been schoolmates. "I specially wanted to see her."

"She is out—I mean—she is in the garden."

"'Hanging out clothes'?"

"As bad as that—picking berries. She won't want to see you, Dick. She has been hard at work all day."

"I understand; but I want to see her. There's to be a picnic at High Rock day after to-morrow, and you are both going."

"Are we?" smiling faintly. She turned and led the way to the sitting-room. Standing there in his handsome young manhood his presence seemed to fill the whole room. Leah looked up at him with admiring eyes.

"What is it?" with a laugh in his own.

"I was thinking—you've grown good-looking since you were a schoolboy."

"Thank you," not disclaiming the fact. "Now I'm going to find Kitty."

"At your own peril;" but he took the risk readily enough, and found his way out through the house like one quite accustomed to it.

Leah took up her buttonholes with a weary little sigh.

"'It's worse to have none.'" The nursery jingle rang in her head. Just now Mason's coming made matters worse. He seemed so strong and buoyant, so able to control life. He was poor, too, but he had strength and brains and a man's chance to use them. If his feet were on the lower rungs of the ladder now, there was nothing to hinder his mounting to the leisure and luxury above.

"Six years," she thought, bitterly. "I get furious sometimes. No time for any thing but work. And Kitty's years going just as mine have gone."

The elm shadows were lengthening across the grassy yard. Little breaths of coolness came in at the open windows; a white moon began to show itself palely in the afternoon sky. She folded the last garments of the dozen, gathered up her scattered threads in a methodical fashion, and went out to lay the table for tea.

It was not an elaborate meal. There was bread and butter and plain light cake, and a heaping glass dish of berries. When all was ready, she looked at the table doubtfully.

"Dick will stay to tea," she thought; turning toward the cellar with a thought of the resources there.

"If I do, we shall go without at our lunch to-morrow," setting her lips. It was a trifle, but just now Leah Allen had come to a place where there are no trifles.

Mason was in the garden still. She could hear his voice and the treble of Kitty's laughter. They came in together, and Mrs. Allen followed them. Leah was like her mother in looks and manners; the same soft dark hair and fathomless, untroubled eyes. It was easy to guess what the younger woman would be with twenty more years over her head.

Kitty ran up the steep, narrow stairs to the low-ceiled chamber. Mason went back to the sitting-room with Leah.

"I want you to go. You have hardly been anywhere this summer. Kitty will say yes—with a word from you."

"I do not see—"

"There seems no reason why it should not be a success," ignoring her beginning of an objection, "and George Holland will be there."

"I do not know George Holland."

"That is precisely the strong part of my argument. I want you to know him. He is rich; he is wise; he is the best of good fellows."

Kitty came in then. Her toilets never took long. The disarray was all external. To kick off the ragged slippers and step into a pair of whole ones, to shake out and gather up into one loose coil the lovely hair that rippled and waved and dropped of itself in curly rings about her face, took only a minute. The white wrapper had its own finishings of frills and lace about the neck and wrists; the whole thing was complete in ten minutes. If Leah had the skirt and sacque and slippers to put in place by-and-by, at least Kitty never kept any one waiting.

That night, when Dick Mason had gone with a half-promise that his invitation would be accepted, and Kitty was gossiping in the moonlight with a girl friend, Leah and her mother sat on the cottage porch. Both had been quiet a long time. They had the gift of silence, these two women.

"Mother, if you had your life to live over, would you marry a poor man?"

Mrs. Allen did not answer for a long minute.

"If I loved him," she said, rather faintly.

Leah did not know that her mother's marriage had been preeminently "a love match." Henry Allen had won her from a circle in which she was sought for and petted. He let her give up all the goods of life because she loved him, and then his fickle fancy tired of her. When he died, five years after their marriage, Mrs. Allen felt that as far as she was concerned life had not been a success. And still she said, true to her womanhood, "If I loved him," to her daughter's question.

"Does it pay, I wonder?" Leah said, again, moodily.

"It depends—a little. There are women—"

"And women," breaking in with a short laugh. "Mother, I shall marry for money—not an idiot nor a scoundrel, but certainly not a poor man."

And Kitty, singing to herself as she ran across the street through the flickering elm shadows, was thinking of the glories of Fanny Gorham's bridal outfit. The afternoon rhyme came to her lips: "If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none."

And as if some fatality ruled the subject, Kitty repeated her sister's question when they were alone together that night.

"Leah, would you marry a poor man?"

"No," calmly.

"But I thought—" half bewildered.

"You thought I did not believe in mercenary marriages. Well—one learns. I know myself better now."

She went on plaiting the heavy braids with deft fingers, and said no more.

The last bundle of work went away from the house the next day. In the summer lull in business there was leisure in the Allen household.

"Now we can make over our old dresses," Kitty said, as if the opportunity were a privilege. "I am going to finish the last chapter of *Anne*, and write two letters."

"And go to the picnic to-morrow?"

"Yes, if Dick comes again to see about it."

Dick came that afternoon. The arrangement as it had originally stood had been that the two girls were to share the Mason carriage with Dick himself, his mother and sister. But, as Dick informed Kitty with perfect composure, Charley Morse was coming with an invitation. He had passed him on the way. Charley did not know of Dick's arrangement, and Kitty was to take her choice with the old schoolgirl freedom.

"Charley, of course," Kitty said, watching him sharply.

"I supposed so," with perfect good temper. "But I say, Kitty, if you were one of my own sisters—"

"Well, if I were one of your own sisters?"

"Your gown, you know."

"Yes, I know," mockingly. "It's very kind of you, Dick."

The blood ran into his face.

"Of course you know I don't mind. You are Kitty, and that's enough for me, in any thing. But a stranger—and Charley is so fastidious—and he'll be here in a minute."

She thrust out a small ragged foot.

"It *is* rather awful. I'll go and make myself fine. Don't you be afraid, Dick."

And not another glimpse of her did he get, though he lingered to the last possible minute.

Leah sat and swung placidly in her low rocker. Her cheap, neat-patterned lawn was as fresh as when she put it on three days ago; the lace-work in her slim hands looked elegant trifling instead of having a money value for every inch. Dick's presence did not interfere with her train of thought; they had been neighbors all their lives; she had known him from the day when he attained his first jacket. So whether he talked or was silent it did not matter.

"What a wife you'd make for a poor man," he said, suddenly, out of a long pause.

It seemed as if every one who approached her in some way touched the trouble in her mind. She did not reply, looking at him with a kind of pained smile and going on with her lace.

It looked a very pretty summer picture—the girl in the shady porch, the handsome, idle youth lounging on the steps at her feet. George Holland thought so, driving past.

The stylish horses in their glittering harness, the elegance of the light vehicle behind them, caught Leah's attention.

"Who is it?" she asked, rather abruptly.

"George Holland."

He did not tell her, as he might have done, that Holland, having seen her at church the Sunday before, had left no stone unturned to find her out. If Leah had only known it, the cream-colored bunting over which she had hesitated so long in the buying was destined to be rather an important factor in that summer's history.

She had one of those sweet, pure New England faces, flower-like in delicacy, and yet almost severe in unobtrusive strength. The thoughtful dark eyes were deep and shadowy; her mouth had an unconscious sadness in its sweet curves. In her ivory-hued dress and bonnet she looked not unlike some precious bit of carving in the dusk of the hot, dim church.

George Holland could afford fancies. He was thirty-five, rich, and alone in the world. It was now riches coming after years of grinding poverty. Five years of possession had not worn off the charm of novelty. Perhaps he overvalued his new estate; certainly there were excuses for him if he did.

So Kitty went to the picnic with Charley Morse, and Leah occupied a part of the back seat of the Mason carriage, and chatted contentedly with Mrs. Mason all the way out to the High Rock.

The Allen girls, living all their days in this quiet country village where in childhood at least the lines were not very sharply drawn between the different social grades, had known as school playmates every other girl in the party. There was no question of education or breeding; it was simply the want or possession of money that made the difference between them. As the Allen fortunes had contracted little by little, Leah had dropped out of the village festivities. She could not afford the time nor the strength to keep up the struggle for appearances at the cost it involved. It was easier to accept the life of renunciation that lay before her, to spend her few hours of leisure over a book or her music. The world is all alike down to its very smallest piece. Slip out of the channel, and the current does not go out of its way to follow you. Leah's associates had always been older than herself. Most of them were married now, and that helped to make her feel that she belonged to a bygone generation.

The day was pleasant enough—a good deal like other days. It was only as they were preparing to come home that any thing out of the ordinary happened. She had met George Holland, and had looked at him with a new standard of measurement in her mind. She found him quietly commonplace, not obtrusive and not young. There was nothing knightly about him. Leah had had her ideals like other girls.

They had waited for the sunset, and now under a white full moon they were starting on their homeward ride.

She stood leaning against a tree-trunk, wondering idly why Dick did not come to summon her. She was quite alone; most of the others had already gone. A step crushed among the crisp moss beside her. She turned with a smile, and it was George Holland.

"Mr. Mason sent me," with grave politeness. "Something has happened to his carriage, and there will necessarily be a change of arrangement about going home. Miss Mason will go with your sister. Will you allow me to drive you?"

Leah's heart gave a quick little bound—a half-guilty one. It was of Holland that she was thinking as he came up, not with any girlish flutterings or specious self-deceiving—just coolly making up her mind with the hard, clear, logical directness of the New England mental processes.

He had thought as he approached her how sweet and pure and utterly unworldly she looked. And she was saying to herself:

"If he asks me, I will marry him."

There were ways enough. Other girls did as much for the men they cared for, and no one blamed them or thought they had overstepped the bounds of maidenly propriety. And just then his voice sounded in her ears.

For the first few minutes of the ride very little was said. Leah had never had a flirtation in her life. The matter before her was dead, solemn earnest. Her small hands lay lightly clasped in her lap; the soft evening wind blew her hat back on her neck, and she did not replace it. The moon shone full on her face, and deepened the shadows of the long lashes against her cheek.

"I fear I am rather a dull companion," he said, at last. "It has not come in my way to talk to young ladies much."

"Are young ladies different from other people—in their conversational demands, I mean?"

"Yes, rather. That is, I know very little about them; I am not a society man."

"Are you not?" She felt a half-contempt for the self-consciousness that began with an apology.

"No. But," cheerfully, "neither am I an artist or poet."

"I hope you are a good driver," a little sharply.

A rabbit had rushed across the road under the horses' noses. The impatient beasts improved the occasion. They reared and plunged and broke into a dead run. The wood road was narrow and rough; the light vehicle swung from side to side. Leah caught her breath and braced herself in her seat. He was busy with his horses. When he checked them at last, and had time to look at her, apparently she had not moved a muscle. He could not see that the hands lying in her lap were clenched like iron.

"You are a wonderful girl," he said, honestly. "I expected you to scream. Turn your face to the light and let me see you. How white you are! Were you frightened?"

"Yes."

That was all she said. Her lips were too unsteady. At heart she was a horrible coward, but she had the pluck and pride not to betray herself often.

"Well, there was reason. We had about one chance out of four of not being overturned. As I was saying, I am neither a poet nor a painter."

"I suppose I should be afraid of you if you were. I never knew a man who was either."

"But I *have* learned to drive," smiling, "fortunately for both of us. All my life long it has been the practical that has been uppermost," half sadly.

"I do not know that you need regret that. I think it is the practical that comes first in most lives."

"In your life?"

"Decidedly!" There was a sharp little ring in her voice.

"I have always been a poor man," he said, deliberately. "Does poverty make a man better or worse?"

She caught her breath again, as if she were on the verge of a hysterical outbreak. Perhaps her fright had broken up her unusual calm—Leah Allen was not a woman who turned her life inside out for all eyes.

"I know one woman whose temper is about ruined by it. I am very poor myself."

Perhaps he thought he had gone far enough. His next sentence was as quietly commonplace, as any thing Charley Morse would have said.

Kitty had reached home first. It was quite natural that she should come to the gate to meet them as they drove up. It struck Leah with a kind of surprise, as she realized all at once how very pretty her sister had grown to be. Looking up, she saw her own surprise reflected in Holland's face with a warmer sense of admiration.

Leah's getting ready for sleep was always a protracted process. She had a hundred little old-maidish ways of disposing of her belongings. Kitty, whose room was always a drift of garments, used to curl up on the foot of the bed and gossip over the day's happenings. When Leah reached the last braid Kitty knew her time had come, and fled. To-night Leah was a long time in reaching that last braid, and Kitty was unusually silent.

"Have you had a nice day?" she asked, at length.

"Very nice," abruptly.

"Do you like George Holland?"

Leah was busy folding a ribbon she had worn. She did not answer at once.

"I do not dislike him," in her slow way.

"I am going to marry that man, if I can make him ask me. I am sick to death of this struggle for mere existence. Other girls have time for dress and amusement. I cannot bear it, and I will not."

Leah turned in amusement. Kitty has raised herself on her elbow. She was very pale and her eyes were unnaturally large and bright.

After all, it was only her own determination. She felt herself incapable of reply or remark, turning away again with a weary half sigh.

After that day life seemed to run in a new channel for the Allen girls. Where Mason had come once before, he came twice now, walking into the house at all hours and on all pretences. Holland had been at the house three times before ten days had gone. He did not always talk much; when he did, it was with a curious absence of personality. Leah never had to complain of his self-consciousness in those times. He talked to her and looked at Kitty.

One day there came a note from Mrs. Herrick, Holland's cousin. She had some sort of a lawn party on her mind, and there were invitations for Leah and Kitty.

"Wear your white bunting and tea roses," a pencilled line to Leah said. "I have a special reason."

And Leah wore the white bunting and tea roses, "by request," smiling to herself over her own special reason—the want of another gown.

By contrast Kitty put on some thin black dress, a relic of other years, that with a little silk and lace and judicious bits of jet was pretty still for evening wear.

That night there was good parlor music—a piano deftly played, a violin that seemed to dissolve in the sweet Strauss waltzes. Leah Allen, floating down the long parlors in Dick Mason's arms, with softly flushed cheeks and wide luminous eyes, was something more than just an ordinary pretty girl.

Quiet and colorless as her life seemed, there was in her a vein of something that touched the edge of the realm of art. Like many another woman of our frozen North, she was dumb. She neither sang nor played, and she had not the gift of tongues. By the law of contradiction, perhaps, she danced as if a spirit possessed her feet.

It was three years since her last taste of the one enthusiasm of her life. As the waltz ended she paused a minute by Mason's side as the last strain left them. His arm half held her; she looked up into his face with a sigh of supreme satisfaction. Mason was the best waltzer in town, and the dance had been perfection. He smiled back, understanding her completely. And then she met Holland's eyes fixed on her with a look that drove the blood out of her face.

He hardly said a dozen words to her all the evening. He did not dance, and in the intervals he was with Kitty.

Mrs. Herrick found a minute for a private speech with Leah.

"Don't let that pretty sister of yours flirt with my cousin, unless she is prepared for serious consequences. George never gave up a fancy in his life."

"I don't think Kitty is a flirt," Leah said, thoughtfully.

"Only to put you on your guard, my dear. George Holland is one of those dreadful men who are in dead earnest all their lives through."

After that Leah watched her sister with keener eyes. She made a discovery that took her by surprise. Dick Mason was watching Kitty, too, with a thunderous cloud on his handsome face. It gave Leah a sense of things gone wrong in the world. Dick Mason had always seemed like one of themselves. That Kitty could bring that pained look into his eyes was the last thing she would ever have dreamed.

He came and bent over her chair with an air of confident friendliness that to a looker on might have seemed to have a tender meaning of its own.

"What does it mean? Does she care for that man?"

"I don't know. I'm all adrift. Take me home, Dick. No one will miss me."

But one man at least missed her, and found the zest quite gone from his evening. He got himself out of the house, and taking all his chances in the malarial damp of the summer night, came to a conclusion as the gray dawn crept up the east.

"He never shall have her. Good fellow as he is, he is no more worthy of her than—I am. But I can understand her, thank Heaven, and he never will."

And "he" was Dick Mason, and the "her" Leah Allen.

A month slid by. Mason haunted the house, and Holland's evenings away were the exception. Mason was sulky, Holland cool, watchful, non-committal, Leah silent, and Kitty as brilliant and uncertain as a glancing flame.

"If we were young ladies of leisure, it might be amusing. As it is, does the game pay for the candle?" Kitty said.

They were sewing at midnight, to make up for the afternoon and evening hours. Mason had stopped on his way home from the bank, and had staid to tea. With the twilight Holland had come in.

"It shall pay," answering her own question. "And George Holland is the stake," with a hard laugh and tightening of the lips.

Leah did not answer.

"Not that I care," looking her sister in the face. "If he asks you, Leah, I shall be glad. It doesn't matter much, only it seems to be me."

"Yes," Leah assented.

They were not girls to waste words. Matters went on as before. If Kitty drove with Holland one day, and came back to find Mason sitting gloomily beside Leah, why, it was Leah's turn next day, and Mason had the comfort of spending the time in trying to please an absent-minded, preoccupied young woman who seemed not to know either his mind or her own.

Kitty's black dress was in strings; the white bunting was no longer fresh.

"It ought to have lasted another year," Leah said, with regretful emphasis.

"Blessed old dud! It was that dress that procured us the honor of Mr. Holland's friendship, as he tells me once in three days. He has likened you to every thing, from a calla-lily to the Sphinx. It ought to have been you, Leah, I think."

"Do you mean—" quickly.

"No, I don't. He is quite as inscrutable as he was the first day he came here. I wish for Dick's sake he would speak and have it over with."

"For Dick's sake! Kitty, do you care for Dick?"

Kitty's fingers trembled a little over the rent she was darning.

"Care for him? Of course I do. I hope I am good Christian enough to care for all human kind;" and then her voice broke. "What is the use? I know what you mean, Leah. Girls as poor as we are can't indulge in the luxury of 'caring' for a poor man. George Holland has money and is respectable!—and if he asks me to marry him, I shall say yes."

"But, Kitty," hesitatingly, "if you love Dick—"

"That has nothing to do with it. And I don't at all know that Dick loves me. Besides, you said it yourself, you would never marry a poor man."

"But this is different."

"Don't talk about it any more," taking up her work and speaking with cold decision. "Suppose I should marry Dick—I mean in the event of his asking me—what would become of mother and you?"

Leah said no more.

That afternoon George Holland's black horses stood again at the door. Leah was coming down the staircase as he ran up the steps to the open door.

"It is a lovely day."

"Lovely," with regretful eyes going beyond him in the afternoon brightness. He saw the wistful look.

"Come and see how pleasant it is on the lake road."

She hesitated a little. Play now meant work by night. But Kitty loved Dick Mason, and if it was true that there must be a sacrifice in the family; and perhaps Kitty might be wrong in her opinion of his preference. She doubted sometimes if Kitty understood him thoroughly. As for her, she loved no one; and then her heart beat hard again.

It took only a breath or two for that and the half-desperate resolve to save Kitty if any womanly art could do it. She raised her eyes to his face—those soft, dark eyes—with all her trouble showing in them. He could not read their meaning; he saw only the shadows.

"You look as if a little of the out of doors would not hurt you," he said.

"Thank you. I will go. You will go in to mother and Kitty?"

"No. Thanks. I will stop here. Pardon me—I forbid a toilet," as she turned to mount the stairs again. "We cannot afford the time, you know."

So Leah's shade-hat went on with the afternoon dress—a white one with inexpensive Hamburg trimmings. At the door a cluster of roses, the very last of the season, burned their fragrant red fire. She paused to gather them. The stem was tough; she stooped and bit the stalk with her sharp little teeth. She uttered a low exclamation, and drew her handkerchief across her lips. A thorn had brought the blood.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"It is nothing," with a short laugh. "One has to take the thorns with the roses;" but the commonplace did not sound so commonplace as she said it.

Half the cluster she twisted into her belt. The other half she fastened at her throat. There was nothing shrinking nor repellent in her manner to-day. He felt it in a half-unconscious fashion. The snow maiden was suddenly alive, with life in her eyes and warm blood burning in her cheeks. Once before he had seen the transfiguration, but that was under the spell of music and—Dick Mason's presence. He looked at the red roses on her breast, and then into her face, with a sense of the harmony between the woman and her flowers.

To all seeming he was busy with his horses' head-gear. She did not know that he had looked at her, even. He seemed to her always cold, unimpulsive, self-absorbed.

Out through the summer afternoon among the shadows of the wood roads to the blue edge of the lake among the hills. Clearly it was his duty to offer some remark to the lady by his side, but for three miles not a word was said. Three miles of silence. Leah stirred a little restively.

"Your village is a pretty place," he said, absently.

"In summer—yes."

"And not in winter? You do not like the country in winter?"

"I know nothing of any thing else. This place has always been my home."

"And you would not care for the city?" waking up to the situation, apparently.

Leah was in a high-strung mood that exaggerated every thing. She was resentfully conscious of his hesitation, his absent-mindedness, the effort with which he brought himself back to her presence.

"It was Kitty he wanted," she thought. "And Kitty doesn't love him, and she does love Dick Mason."

He was saying, "I can fancy, Miss Leah, that you would find your element there. Music and color and life—the intense, sympathetic life of a crowd. You would like it after a little."

"I should be lost, I am afraid," smiling faintly. "I belong among the half hues, the negatives, I think."

"Who told you that? I don't know of a woman in the world more emphatically capable of deep tones than yourself."

He was quite awake now.

"It is rather unfortunate," dryly. "I am not likely to come in contact with much that this place does not afford."

"When the fairy prince comes you'll scorn the imputation, but then you are dreaming now—you'll be 'o'er the hills and far away' into all kinds of wonders."

"Shall I? I cannot imagine a fairy prince, or one of any variety, coming into Lakeden."

"And till he comes—you'll never marry?" looking away from her.

"I have hardly thought as far as that," coldly. She could not control her voice.

"No, I suppose not. Women are different." He was still looking away from her; his own voice was not cold, rather broken and unsteady. "As for me, I'm no longer a young man. Years ago, when I stood alone face to face with the world, I said to myself that I would never ask a woman to share my struggle. Now that there is no longer any need of hardship, I find that I have hardly the courage to ask a woman to share the easy life that my new riches has opened to me. It seems some way as if I was simply buying a wife."

It was more like a soliloquy than any speech that required answer. Leah did not speak. Was that the way he talked to Kitty?

"Sometimes I am conscious of a kind of pity for myself, as if there were nothing more lonely in the world than my life. I can't even work. I have tried to interest myself in the old pursuits, and there is no motive behind it. I can't do it."

"If I were a *man*, with money, I should neither ask pity, nor feel that I deserved it."

She looked him straight in the face. There was a touch of scorn in the expression of her lips and in the sound of her voice. She began to be interested in him, to the extent at least of wanting him to assert his man's prerogative of dominant strength.

"You know what it is to be poor, you say. But to be poor and a woman—you do not know that!"

She flung out her hands with palms turned outward, this woman who never made a gesture, and then dropped them with a shivering sigh.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked, gently.

She did not answer him. The horses walking over the sandy road among the pines. There was no sound but the soft crushing of their hoofs and the wheels. This was no unconscious self-betrayal in which he had been indulging. He meant to win this woman for his wife, and if one means of approach failed, he should try another. That he believed Dick Mason loved her did not matter in the least to him. Dick would console himself elsewhere. If she loved Dick, that would have been a different matter—perhaps.

"I think," he said, slowly, "there may be brighter days in store for both of us. Would you marry a man you did not love, Miss Leah?"

The question was so irrelevant, so unexpected! She flung it back at him,

"Would you marry a woman who did not love you, Mr. Holland?"

It took him off his guard a little.

"If I loved her and believed in her—yes." He said it slowly; there was a kind of sweetness, almost a solemnity in his voice. It was almost as if he were repeating a vow to himself. "Yes, I think I should be strong enough for even that, and she would love me at last, if patient endeavor could win her."

The tears came into her eyes. There was no purpose in that. George Holland *was* worth something beside his money. She looked up into his face, not trying to hide her own.

Why did he not speak the final words then? He never could tell himself. Perhaps at heart he was a coward, and dared not face defeat. Perhaps it was easier to linger awhile longer in the shadow of uncertainty, rather than meet the bare, hard fact of refusal.

He touched his horses lightly with the whip and they sprang forward. The spell was broken. With the rapid motion they flung all personal subjects behind them. They talked of the hills and Lakeden in winter, and he told her of his life in India and Australia and the ends of the earth.

The next morning, without a word to any one, he went to New York.

When he stood again in Lakeden post-office a week's accumulation of mail awaited him. He was carelessly looking over his handful of letters and papers, standing with his back to a group of loungers on the porch. Out of the hum of voices came as distinctly as if spoken for his benefit the words:

"Both the Allen girls are down with the smallpox."

He felt as if some one had struck him. He did not turn for a minute, standing quite still. When he had got his balance again, he walked out among the idlers.

"Who is their doctor?" he asked, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Dr. Sprague;" and then there was a silence.

They looked after him as he walked away.

"He was courting the youngest one," some one remarked.

"Bad business for her. She was as pretty as a picture sometimes."

Dr. Sprague was in his office. Holland and the young man had grown very friendly in the few weeks of his stay in Lakeden. The doctor confirmed the story.

"Who is taking care of them?"

"Their mother."

"Yes, of course; but she has help, I suppose?"

"She is quite alone."

"You don't mean that that woman is alone, absolutely alone, in the house with two cases of small-pox?"

"I do mean just that. Remember that you are in the country and among Yankees. Prudence and a traditional horror of the disease will relieve her from all annoyance from callers."

"Where are the Masons?"

"Out of town, unfortunately. Lizzie Mason—the only one at home—and my landlady send in every thing they have to eat. I take it myself."

"But they might get a professional nurse."

"They might—yes, if they had money. But one would have to come from the city, and the Allens are poor—probably you do not know how poor?"

"No."

"They own that place without a cent of income. That is all. Food, clothing, taxes, every thing, those two girls have earned with their needles."

"Good Heavens!"

"Perhaps you can see now that there cannot be any wide margin for the luxuries or even the necessities of life."

George Holland walked twice the length of the narrow office before he spoke.

"There ought to be a man in the house."

"One would be a convenience, certainly."

"And I am going there."

Dr. Sprague looked at him curiously.

"I suppose you see all it involves?"

Holland turned sharply.

"See here. The day before I went to New York I did every thing but ask Leah Allen to be my wife. If she gets well, I shall give her the chance to accept or refuse, as she chooses."

"She can't well refuse. Think twice."

"I don't want her to."

That afternoon Mrs. Allen, half asleep in her arm-chair between the two beds, heard a man's step behind her. She was too worn out to turn her head.

"I've had a hard day, doctor," she said, faintly.

There was no answer. Holland stood looking about the rooms. Every bit of superfluous furniture had been removed. The windows were darkened, but the carpetless floors and bare walls looked comfortless enough. A narrow bedstead stood on each side of the room. Under the white covering of each a motionless figure lay outstretched.

"It is I, Mrs. Allen. I have come to stay with you till this is over."

"You!" in blank amazement. "I don't understand."

"There is nothing very strange. Dr. Sprague told me. I have had the disease, and I am not in the least afraid of it. I have taken the liberty of sending to New York for a nurse. She will be here on the midnight train, and Dr. Sprague will bring her up."

"I don't understand."

"Then you will have to take me on trust," smiling. "I am here, and you can't turn me out. I have a fire under the kettle boiling below. I am a tolerable cook along with my other good qualities, and I shall bring you a cup of tea in a few minutes."

The nurse came that night—a strong-armed, unemotional, skillful machine. But fearful days followed. Help in the kitchen was not of course to be thought of. Holland had all kinds of deft, helpful ways. He cooked with a woman's handiness and a man's skill. Mrs. Allen, busy with her invalid messes and forgetting herself, found food ready for her without thought of her own. The nurse ate with the same mechanical regularity that she did every thing else. Holland and Sprague had more than one interview in pantry and kitchen, and found a good deal of fun in the new attitude of affairs. The doctor was the one channel of communication with the well, untainted outside world.

"How that woman does eat, to be sure!" Holland said, ruefully. "She has ordered beefsteak and onions for to-day. How do you cook 'em?"

"I'll ask Mrs. Smith. It isn't in a book anywhere, I suppose?"

Poor Mrs. Allen! She had given up every thing in her anxiety. They could not even take their beefsteak-and-onion problem to her. And though she knew well enough the tempest of conjecture and criticism and unkindly remark that George Holland's presence in the house would arouse, the nearer misery of these days shut it all out. As for him, he never thought of it. I suppose if he had, he would not have cared. He had lived too long outside of conventionalities.

In the long days when he was not housekeeping he wandered about the still rooms with a strange feeling of treading on sacred ground. Mrs. Allen had given him the freedom of the house with trembling lips. He smoked his cigars wherever he pleased; the feeling of sacredness did not hinder that sort of incense burning.

At sundown one night Dr. Sprague came.

Holland came in from the kitchen. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and there was a dash of flour in his moustache. He looked hot and cross.

"I've been baking biscuit," he said, "and saleratus is the devil."

"Why don't you use baking powder?"

"Because you were not here to send for it."

"I will bring it in the morning. I shall stay here to-night," gravely.

Holland looked at him.

"The turning point comes to-night for both of them," answering the unspoken question. "And the end is doubtful."

He came back to Holland after a while. All night the two men sat in the dimly-lighted porch. At intervals Sprague went to the sick-room. Holland did not leave his chair. The brief summer night went on. He heard the hours strike in the house; the great, slow stars went on and down their short circuit. At dawn, after a longer stay than usual doctor came back.

"They are going to get well," he said, "but how I don't dare think. Next to the way I've struggled for those girls' lives I've fought for their complexions."

"Will you come up now?"

Holland started up. He was still in the house. Indeed the inmates were by no means out of quarantine, though the nurse had gone back, and all sorts of disinfecting disturbances had been going on for some days.

He stood in the room. He knew that the two sisters were there, dressed, waiting for him, but he stood on the threshold without raising his eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Holland?" It was Kitty's voice, tremulous and high-keyed with weakness. And still he did not look up.

"O, you may look at Leah," Kitty went on, querulously. "*She* won't shock you; but you may keep your eyes off me, if you please."

He crossed the room and took the two wasted hands that Leah held out to him.

"My dear," he said, "I vowed that if this minute ever came, I should ask the question that I left unspoken the last time I saw you. Will you be my wife?"

Kitty sprang to her feet.

"Leah, you sha'n't! George Holland, she is only selling herself to you because we are so poor. You think because she has been so ill and has lost her beauty that she will say yes."

"Kitty!" Leah's voice sounded clear and stern. But Kitty's hysterical excitement was at too high flood to be checked by a word.

"You came into the house when no one else would come; you have kept us from starvation, I believe; and now you spoil it all by this. Leah shall not marry you."

She stumbled back into her chair with a sob.

"You know just how people will talk about us. It is the price we shall have to pay for being kept alive. And you think it will force her to accept you."

Without one other word, George Holland dropped the hand he held, and went out of the room and out of the house. Dr. Sprague was not in his office. He shut himself into an inner room, and waited. The doctor came after he had had an hour for reflection, and brought him a card with a feebly pencilled line over Leah's name:

"Do not go away till I have seen you again."

"So that little termagant has been giving you a piece of her mind. Dick Mason will have his hands full some day."

"Dick Mason?"

"Yes. If you hadn't been the blindest of infatuated owls, you would have seen that he has been jealous as a Turk all summer. That's an old affair."

"Dick Mason and Kitty!"

"Don't you see that Kitty's question cuts both ways? You had better make them understand that you did play Providence first out of humanity, and then offer to marry one of them to save their feelings. You are a wellmeaning young man, but you are an awful blunderer."

"Yes, thank you," reaching out vaguely for his hat. "I'll go up and make it right."

"No, you won't to-day. You've done quite enough for one day."

Mrs. George Holland finished her convalescence on board her husband's yacht. They had been at sea a month, and Leah had learned the secret of keeping her feet even in a half gale. Looking at her now with the sea-brown on forehead and cheek, unscarred if not so smooth and clear as of old, George Holland was thinking that she looked far younger than in the days when he had first known her. She looked up and caught his eyes fixed on her. She went over to his side; it was in the twilight, and the shadow of the sail.

"George," she said, "there is one question you have never asked me."

"I wonder what?"

"No matter. Look at me"—creeping closer to his side—"I love you, dear."

They wintered in the Mediterranean.

As the weeks passed Kitty—Kitty was with them—got back something of her lost bloom. She had perseveringly refused to see Dick Mason before she left home—poor Dick who had pleaded with all his eloquence. Even his little notes went back unopened. But toward spring she spoke of him once, the first time, voluntarily.

It was not long after that that the yacht made a quick run to Cowes. "To meet a friend," Holland said.

And the friend was Dick Mason.

Result of Prohibition in Maine.

Letter from Maine.

Any body who knows anything about the drinking habits of the people of Maine to-day knows that liquor is drank in parlors, in offices of law and medicine, and to a limited extent in the studies of the clergy, in kitchens and workshops, in the cars, on steamboats, and if one wishes to observe he will find that travelers by every means of conveyance in the State take the poison with them. The express companies bring it into the State upon every arrival for private consumption, and considerable which escapes detection and goes into sale in some smaller country town.

In many of the cities and some of the larger towns the sale is free in bars and saloons, in open defiance of the law, for that statute which public opinion does not support is no law at all, and can not and never will be enforced. The sooner this fact is recognized the better it will be for the cause of temperance, which is advocated upon sensible grounds only by the better representative of the reform clubs.

It is no pleasure to us to report such a state of things, but, so far as our observation extends, we know our statements to be true. We detest deception, let it come in where it may, and Neil Dow is so committed to prohibition that he wouldn't tell the truth if he could, and he couldn't if he would, upon the subject of enforcement in this State.

We don't assert that some strictly temperance communities can not be found in Maine, but we do assert that rum is in far too general use all over the State, and we know that some of the best temperance men here regretfully admit this statement. Lying won't rub out facts.

THE DESIGNER OF THE MONITORS.

Captain John Ericsson Celebrates His 80th Birthday.

On Wednesday last Captain John Ericsson celebrated his 80th birthday by entertaining a number of his friends, all of whom congratulated him on the success of his latest and most wonderful terror of the sea—the Destroyer.

Captain Ericsson was born in a little mining camp in the middle of Sweden in 1803. Upon the site of the small hut in which he first saw the light is a granite shaft eighteen feet in height, with this inscription carved upon it: "John Ericsson was born here in 1803." He was the son of Olaf Ericsson, a mine owner, and at an early age began to show his taste for engineering. When only thirteen years old he joined a corps of engineers who were surveying a ship canal, and he was placed in charge of a section of the canal. In 1826 young Ericsson visited England and never has returned to Sweden since. On arriving at England he immediately began his experiments with a steam engine. His locomotive was the Novelty, which in 1829 entered in the contest in which George Stephenson's Rocket was declared the winner. The Captain still claims, however, that the Novelty was the faster motor. Captain Ericsson came to this country in 1839. One of his reasons for leaving England was the disfavor which his propeller, the Francis B. Ogden, met from the British Admiralty. This incensed the engineer, and he determined to try his fortunes in this country. In America he was not idle, and was soon busy at building war ships. His first was the Princeton. His little Monitor capped the climax of his success in that line for the time being. Since then he has constantly been at work experimenting with torpedo boats. The Destroyer is his last work of the kind, and he is much pleased with it. Nothing troubles him so much as to have misstatements published regarding it or mistakes made as to his projectiles and materials. Captain Ericsson has preferred to live on in his house in Beach street, and refused to let the building of the freight station opposite drive him out. There, he says, he has a safe retreat from fashionable callers, who are ashamed to come and visit him. Consequently he has plenty of time for work, in which he delights. Old friends know his habits and seldom trouble him in the hours set apart for experimenting. Captain Ericsson is in perfect health, and finds nothing but enjoyment in life. He is of medium height, robust figure, with pleasant features. The gray is just becoming perceptible in his side whiskers. His hair is only slightly tinged with gray. When he shakes hands it is with a strong grip. In a word, he is a remarkable picture of a hale, hearty old man.

THE TARIFF

JUDGE FORAKER EXPOUNDS HIS VIEWS.

And the Views of the Republican Party State and National The Most Important Issue of this Campaign Ably Discussed

Judge Foraker spoke on Thursday of last week at the coal mining town of Corning, Perry county, at the close of the Republican county Convention. He was hurried for time, having to leave by train soon after the convention proceedings were over, but made a capital impromptu speech. Some interruptions by a Democrat in the crowd brought up the question of the tariff, and this reminded Judge Foraker of some questions put to him by Judge Hoadly in his Piqua speech. He said:

I have a competitor who asks me questions in season and out of season He asks me questions that no other intellect under Heaven would ever think of asking He has asked me some questions about the Scott law, and I have answered them. He has asked me some questions about the tariff; and inasmuch as I have not had time to discuss that question in an orderly and logical way here, I will at once proceed to discuss it informally, and to answer some of those questions that my friend, Judge Hoadly, has been putting to me

He made a speech a few days ago over at Piqua That speech was in answer to one I had made at Hamilton, in which I had taken occasion to say something about the tariff I had talked about the benefit of it to all kinds, classes and conditions of people in this country. I had said, among other things, that the tariff was a benefit to the farmers especially—that it helped them to a better market than they would otherwise have, that they got better prices for their products by reason of the industries which were at their very doors—industries that owed their existence to the protection that had been thrown round about them by this wise policy of tariff, which the Republican party has been pursuing for the last twenty-three years. ["That's so!" Applause.] Judge Hoadly takes issue with me as to that. He says in his speech at Piqua—I can not quote his exact language—but his argument is that the price of the agricultural products that the farmer takes into the market is not fixed by the industries about him, but in that great commercial centre of the world, Liverpool, and he says that the farmer in Ohio gets his price upon corn, wheat and hogs, less transportation, insurance and commission necessary to put that product in the city of Liverpool, England. In the first place, I have not asked any questions about this here, but I know how it is in other mining districts. Everyone knows that the farmers who immediately surround these manufacturing and mining districts get better prices for their commodities than they would if they sent them to Cincinnati. I know how it is in the Hanging Rock district—at Jackson, Ironton, and other places—and I have no doubt it is the same here. But, for the sake of argument, let it be as Judge Hoadly says it is; that Liverpool fixes the price that the farmer gets for his hogs, wheat and corn. Let me turn schoolmaster and ask Judge Hoadly a question: If Liverpool fixes the price here, what is it that fixes the price in Liverpool? It is one of the elementary laws of political economy that supply and demand have something to do with prices—that they fix the price.

Now, then, in this country we have about seven and a half million people engaged in agriculture, and the balance of us, more than forty-two millions of people, are engaged, as you are here—mining coal, manufacturing iron—in factories, mills and founderies as merchants, lawyers, doctors, and in the pursuit of other kinds of business, every kind of vocation and calling. All these men who are not engaged as are the seven and half million in agricultural pursuits are consumers; they afford a home market; they make the demand which affects the price. Now, in 1880, the last year for which I have been able to get my hand upon the statistics, there were produced in this country 498,549,868 bushels of wheat; of that amount only 153,252,795 bushels were exported to other countries. Well, now, suppose we should have an era of free trade, what would be the consequence? Why, in the first place, we would soon lose most of our home markets Your people would not stay here very long mining coal.

There would not be a population of twelve thousand people in the towns of Shawnee, Straitsville and Corning, as there is to day, to be fed by the farmers of Perry county. You would have to quit, and if you were not here to buy their products, they would have to find a market elsewhere. The exports would be increased, doubled, trebled, until all the products possible were sent abroad. And not only that, but you men here must find some thing to do. If you are not to be permitted to make pig iron or mine coal, you must find something else to do Factories, mills and machine shops will stop at the same time. Nothing is left you but to go into competition with the seven and and a half million of farmers to raise corn, wheat and hogs, not to feed people at home, but to send abroad, to feed the laborers and people of the Old World What is the effect on Liverpool? Instead of getting from us 163,000,000 bushels of wheat a year they would be getting from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 of wheat a year. The supply might be increased beyond even that.

And the farmers of this country, the farmers of Ohio, as they did in the States of the West before the Republican party came into power, would go into the business of burning their corn for fuel, because they had no market in which to sell it. Don't tell me, in face of such a plain proposition as this, that the industries that surround the farmer have nothing to do with fixing the price he realizes upon his produce. In the hurry of the moment I will let what I have said be my answer to that question of Judge Hoadly. When I have more time I can answer more fully.

But Judge Hoadly has asked me some other questions. In my Hamilton speech I referred to the fact that there was a carriage manufacturer in the city of Columbus who is selling his vehicles, not only all over this country, but very largely all over the world. He has been filling orders from Australia, the West Indies, from Liverpool and from Japan, and all that within the last six weeks. And I said in that speech that that carriage manufacturer had told me that he was "taking in sail," with a view of putting himself in a safe condition in case the Democrats, with their free trade, were successful in the election of 1884.

Judge Hoadly undertakes to ridicule that idea, saying that if that man can sell his goods abroad he has no earthly use for a protective tariff, and has nothing whatever to fear from free trade.

The answer to that is even more simple than the other. A man must depend for a market for his goods and for the success of his business, not simply upon what he can sell abroad, but much more particularly upon that which he can sell at home And while it is true, as I went on to say at Hamilton, that through the beneficent influence of a protective tariff, the carriage manufacturer has been enabled to cheapen his goods so that he can sell them abroad, yet it was true that the success of his business depended on the surroundings of his business at home, as Judge Hoadly himself pointed out, and therefore he must depend upon a policy for the success of his business that gives protection to every other kind of business that is represented in his—to every other kind of business that goes to make up the sum total of that prosperity in the benefits of which we rejoice.

Judge Hoadly went on to say that a protective tariff operates most injuriously and unjustly as against this carriage manufacturer, pointing out that he paid two and one-half cents a pound upon every set of steel axles that he used; a tariff of from fifteen to thirty per cent. upon all his leather; twenty-five cents a gallon upon his varnishes and paints, and other things in like proportion that he may use in making up the product of his work, the buggy which he sells. Well, now, Judge Hoadly had a very fine argument; but, unfortunately, his premises were not well taken. If Judge Hoadly would take the trouble to inquire, he would find that the carriage manufacturers of Cincinnati do not import a single steel axle; that they don't use a pound of imported leather, or a gallon of imported varnish or oil, or scarcely any other commodity that is imported. That which is used is the product of our own manufacturers here in this country. Take, for instance, the case of steel axles, and that illustrates the benefits of protection I had a carriage man looking the matter up for me only yesterday, just before I started here. He told me that eight years ago they paid for steel axles $11 and $12 a set; they are now buying them at the rate of $6.50 a set. Their iron axles were $6.50 eight years ago, and to-day they are $4 a set, and all the other articles they use have been decreasing in price in like proportion. Now, what is the occasion of this? How do you account for it? Just as I said in my Hamilton speech under the protection of the tariff we have steel manufactories started up in this country where axles are made. We have them at Auburn, New York, at Pittsburg; at Chicago, and many other places throughout this country The result is they are in competition with each other. They are perfecting their machinery, they are getting skilled labor, they are providing themselves with all the facilities of the cheapest manufacture, and the result is that all the duties levied on the imports are not taxes but a security behind which the home competition is cheapening, cheapening, cheapening, until it has brought down the price of steel axles from $11 and $12 to $6.50, as I stated a moment ago, a difference in favor of the consumer which is more than twenty times the amount of the tariff which is levied on these articles, which Judge Hoadly says is a tax on the consumer, and all this without cheapening labor.

And that suggests to my mind to answer another proposition of Judge Hoadly. He says a tariff works in the interest of monopolies, and he descants in very vigorous language about the provisions of the Democratic resolution with respect to monopolies. I said in my Hamilton speech that instead of a protective tariff favoring monopolies, it was opposed to monopolies, and especially monopolies that existed on the other side of the water. Now, take one single instance: Some time before 1867 a man by the name of Bessemer invented a processs and procured a patent under the laws of England for the manufacture of what is know in the market as the "Bessemer steel rails." In 1867 the owners of that process were selling those Bessemer steel rails in America at $150 a ton in gold. We put a protective tariff on these rails of $28 per ton. This was necessary, because without it nobody could start up in opposition to such a concern. It was powerful, it was rich; if anybody undertook to start up a Bessemer steel rail factory it could crush him in an instant. We protected ourselves by levying this tariff of $28 a ton. Now, if the tariff is a tax on the consumer, as Judge Hoadly contends, what ought the Bessemer steel rails to have sold for in the American markets after that tariff was levied? They ought to have sold for $150 plus $28—$178 is what they ought to have sold for, according to Judge Hoadly, who says that a tariff is necessarily a tax on the consumer. But what did these steel rails sell for in eighteen months from the time the tariff was levied? A manufactory for Bessemer steel rails was started at Troy, N. Y.; another at Pittsburg, and another at Cleveland, I think. At any rate, inside of two years from the time the tariff of $28 a ton was imposed—which, according to Judge Hoadly, ought to have increased the price to $178—Bessemer steel rails from England were selling in this country a $75 a ton.

The other day I came up the road from Cincinnati to Columbus in company with the superintedent of the Cincinnati end of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St Louis Road, Mr. Peters. In the course of our ride we got into a conversation about the condition of his road. He went on to tell me that he had almost the entire road now laid with these Bessemer steel rails. I asked were he got them. He said he bought them at Pittsburg—American manufacture. "Why do you do that?" I asked. "It is close home," he said; "we get them cheaper, and they are of better manufacture—at least as good." "And what do you pay for them, Mr. Peters?" "Why, the last we got a few weeks ago we paid for them in Pittsburg, $36 a ton. [Loud applause]

Now, then, in the face of such facts as these, which might be multiplied by ten thousand, how does it look for a man to be running over the State of Ohio talking about the tariff being a tax on the consumer? That surpasses anything I had supposed was within the region of credulity. This may not show the result in all cases, but it does illustrate the working of the principle in all cases.

Inasmuch as that train is to start in a few minutes, I will not pursue the argument on the free trade and tariff question further, except only to call your atention to the position that our Democratic friends occupy with respect to it. I understood that the Democratic party was a free-trade party until we found ourselve launched into this campaign. I did not know that they as a party pretended to be anything else. I knew, of cours, that there were a few sensible men in the Democratic party, men who knew better; men like Senator Voorhees, of Indiana; men who had the manliness and courage to speak out and say that they believed a protective policy was the best for the interests of the people of this country. But the party itself, I thought, prided itself on being essentially a free-trade party. [That's so!] They used to so declare in their platform, But in 1876 and 1880, however, they invented a new phrase They were in favor of "tariff for revenue only." But that was interpreted to mean free-trade. Nobody thought it meant anything else, and the people of this country, in 1880, when they came to give their special consideration to that question and to exercise their right of suffrage with respect to it, voted 'No' on that proposition. They said: "We don't want any more free-trade in this country. We see what a protective tariff is doing for the people of this country in the way of making a home market for farmers, opening up the coal-mines, the ore banks, starting foundries and machine shops, building railroads to connect all these different counties" In the course of time we will have a railroad to McConnellsville, Morgan county! And the people of this country said: 'In view of such resultsts as these, in view of such wisdom as this, we will not make any change. We prefer to keep on and pursue the policy of a protective tariff and enjoy these benefits."

The Democracy were made to understand that, and from that day to this, especially here in Ohio, where the tariff question is one of great importance, they have been extricating themselves from the position in which their attitude with respect to this question had put them. Now, in this campaign, they make this platform; I must not forget to read that now, for I said I would, and I want to keep my word if the time is short And here is the kind of a platform they make, on which they go before the intelligent men of this State to appeal to them for their support in this campaign:

"Second—We favor a tariff for revenue, limited to the necessities of government economically administered, and so adjusted in its apprication as to prevent unequal burdens, encourage productive industries at home, afford just compensation to labor, but not to create or foster monopolies."

Now, if there is any man who can read that platform, and give me an intelligent construction of it, as a whole, I would be obliged if he would do it. My friend, Judge Hoadly, undertook to do it in his speech at Piqua, the other day, and I want to follow the interpretation that he gave that platform. You will observe as I read that part of his speech that he thought it was intended—as I have all the time insisted—that it should be read in sections, "here a little and there a little" And before we would branch off into a thing that was in direct opposition to the one that followed it, he would stop and interject some question to his "distinguished friend and neighbor, Judge Foraker," and when he had gotten the mind broken off from the connection, he would resume in the same impressive way to read from this platform, upon which he stands: Here's the way he divided it up:

"The Democratic party is in favor of a tariff for Revenue, limited to the necessities of government, economically administered."

And then he stops and asks his adversary whether he has any objection to that—whether he wants anything more than that! Why, yes Judge Hoadly, we may want something more than that, or we may not accordingly as the case may be. If we are to protect American industries, if we are to develop our resources, if we are to protect the laboring man and see that he has a just compensation for the work that he performs, if we are to see to it that he gets wages sufficient to support himself and his family, wages enough to secure for himself education and culture, and to enable him to qualify himself for the inteligent discharge of the duties of American citizenship, we want him to have enough protection to protect; we want to protect our industries so that the American workman can stand up against the competition of the Old World, and against everything else that will bring his compensation down to theirs ['Good!' and loud applause.] When you undertake to levy a tariff on the basis of only sufficient to support the government, economically administered, I would like somebody to tell me how you are going to go about it.

How are you to tell in this month of August, 1883, how much tariff this country will need in 1884? How are you to foresee the expenses of the government? How are you to foresee a year ahead whether you will have an expensive government or an inexpensive government? Whether you will be put to great expense or little expense in administering the affairs of this great nation? And if you cannot foresee that, how can you tell how much duty to put on this, that or the other thing to the end that you may raise just enough revenue to meet the wants of the government, economically administered? And then another thing Are you to change this tariff every year? It costs some years more than it does others to administer the affairs of government. We have more pension bills to pay some years than others. We have more Indians to feed some years than others. If we are to regulate our tariff by the expenses necessary to be met, we must, necessarily, each year vary the duties that are to be levied on our imports. And what kind of effect will that have on the business of the country? If a man must buy a product that is to be imported for him from another country, how can he tell what he is to pay for it when he does not know that the tariff may not be changed in the time intervening between his order and the receipt of his article? Therefore I say it does not affect the objection I make to the duplicity of this platform for Judge Hoadly to turn and ask me whether I want a tariff levied that will be more than enough to sustain the Government when it is economically administered. It only shows its weakness.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA

Position of the Republican Party and its Opponents.

Des Moines correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

There exists an erroneous impression in the Eastern States regarding the position of the Republican party of Iowa on the prohibition question It has never declared in favot of prohibition. When the prohibitory amendment to the constitution was being agitated, the party twice, in 1879 and 1880, declared that the people had the right to say what form of constitution they would have, and pledged itself to secure a submission of the amendment to the people for ratification or rejection. It redeemed the pledge.

To remove the question so far as possible from all political influence, a special election was held on June 27, 1882, when the people by 30,000 majority voted in favor of the amendment. The Supreme Court, upon the ground of non-conformance to the strict requirements of the Legislature, in preparing the amendment for submission to the people, declared the amendment null and void.

The Democratic party, on the 11th of June last, in State Convention, declared opposition to the expressed will of the people, opposition to all prohibitory statutes, and in favor of their repeal, and the enactment of a "well regulated, judicious license law," whatever a well-regulated law may be.

The Republican party recognized the will of the people as binding upon the Commonwealth, and deemed ther action as imposing upon the next Legislature the obligation to enact a statute carrying out the principles of prohibition, voted into the constitution precisely as though the amendment had not been nullified by the Supreme Court.

A careful analysis of the platform will show there is not a word in favor of a re submission of the amendment to the people, or of any prohibitory amendment. Upon the action of the Supreme Court, there was a studied effort made to avoid censure, or the expression of any opinion as to the decision of the Court; in fact, every thing which could in any possible way raise the question of the status of the amendment, or the decision of the Court. The platform, therefore, on that question is simply this: 1, the party has redeemed its pledge to secure a vote o' the people, in a nonpartisan way, on the amendment; 2, that the result of that election is accepted as the verdict of the people; 3, a recognition of the obligations resting upon the next Legislature, no matter of what persons it shall be constituted, no matter what may be their personal preferences, to adopt such statutory measures as will enforce the will of the people, distinctly and deliberately expressed.

Further, to avoid prejudice regarding the action of the Supreme Court, Judge Reed was selected as candidate for Supreme Court Judge, because his opinion upon the amendment was unknown, he never having expressed his views, or been interrogated thereon.

De facto, this question is the only issue before the people in the political contest in this State. The Democratic party has arrayed itself in opposition to all prohibitory measures regarding the sale of intoxicating liquors. The Greenback party, altho' declaring in its platform for prohibition, is divided, one wing following the lead of I. H. Weller, Congressman elect from the IVth District, uniting with the Democrats, the other wing, under the leadership of Gen. J. B. Weaver, favoring prohibition, provided it does not endanger his chances of getting to Congress from the VIth District, or help elect W. B. Allison United States Senator. On the latter issue the Democrats and Greenbackers are united, and will seek to compass the defeat of Allison, if possible.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

The Daughter of a Dead Vice President a Beggar.

Wheeling W. Va., Letter.

Yesterday afternoon a lady sat in the City Clerk's office. Age had bent the once erect form and had touched to silver the raven tresses which had lost none of their olden softness and abundance. About her clothing was an indefinable something which in spite of their frayed appearance, stamped their wearer as a person of quality and refinement. One of her hands hung listlessly to her side and the trembling grasp of the other was fixed on a curious, anti-walking stick. The face that looked out from the genteel though faded bonnet was withered by age, but was pleasing and intelligent.

'There sits the daughter of a Vice President of the United States,' said a gentleman, as he emerged from the room.

'What is she doing here?' asked the reporter.

'Actually begging her transportation to Baltimore,' was the reply.

This was enough, and the next moment the reporter was sitting by the old lady, listening to her sad, strange history as it fell from her own lips. Her father, she said, was William Rufus King, Vice President of the United States under President Franklin Pierce, and her husband was General Hunter, United States Minister to Russia during President Jackson's first term. King was a wealthy man and so was Hunter. How then could the daughter of one and the widow of the other be in such indigence, seeking aid from the country? Truth is stranger than fiction and this seemed a strange piece of truth.

Mrs Hunter said she was over seventy years of age and had, unfortunately, married at the age of fourteen years, her husband, General Hunter, being then thirty-two. A short time after their marriage, General Hunter received from President Jackson the appointment of Minister to the Czar, and the next six years of her life was spent at Petersburg, Upon returning to this country they spent years in the South, principally in Kentucky and Tennessee. In 1853 her father went to preside over the deliberations of the United States Senate and she removed to Washington, where her husband died.

When the war broke out she was living in Louisville, where she had large property. Fearing confiscation by the Federals she was induced to arrange a supposed sale with a prominent Unionist. She gave him a bill of sale and he turned over to her $200,000 in cash in the presence of witnesses. She did not desire to be troubled with the money, and returned it to him in trust, but when she wanted it he denied all knowledge of it. The one witness present could never be found and she could not prove her case in the suit she brought Her wealth gone, she went to her children in Memphis to make her home, but the yellow fever scourge of 1879 carried them all off and left her upon the world.

Diversified Interests — A Comparison

In a recent lecture at Monteagle, Tenn. upon manufacturing in the South, Mr. S. A. Colyar, of the Nashville American, drew this contrast between Pennsylvania and Tennessee, by way of showing that diversified industries are the foundation of prosperity:

"The man who inherited all of his ideas says he must adhere to the mortgaged-farm policy, and no argument can reach him. Take the two great States of Pennsylvania and Tennessee —point him to their history, to the equality of their natural resources, and the great difference in their developed resources. Show him that each State has about 46,000 square miles, each has mountains filled with minerals, and each has productive valleys—that both have immense beds of coal—that Tennessee has twice as much iron as Pennsylvania—that Pennsylvania has diversified pursuits and Tennessee has not—that Pennsylvania is working up the raw material and making a home market for her farmers—that her farms are worth nine hundred millions while ours are worth less than two hundred—that one single city in Pennsylvania manufactures goods enough in one year to buy the whole State of Tennessee, and have fifty millions left—that farm lands in one State are worth $100 per acre, while in the other they are not worth the fifth of that—show him all this, and show him that it all comes from diversified pursuits, giving people employment, making a home market, buying at home and selling abroad, bringing money in instead of sending it out, and still the man with inherited ideas will stand by the mortgaged-farm policy—nothing can move him. The young men of the South must be mainly relied on in the work of building up.

Germany Fears Retaliation

The interdict which the German Government has placed upon the importation of American pork appears to have caused great alarm among a large class of German manufacturers, who fear that the American Government will adopt some damaging measure in reprisal. There is especially a report current in the German papers that an import duty of sixty per cent. ad valorem is to be placed upon German stockings and woolen knit goods, the manufacture of which is an important industry in Germany. During the year 1882 wares of this description to the amount of $4,000,000 were exported from the district of Chemitz alone to the United States. Whole villages are occupied almost exclusively with their manufacture. It is feared that as Germany is the only country prohibiting American pork; which is admitted without question to all other countries, this expected tax of sixty per cent. upon imported knit goods will be imposed only upon such wares as are of German manufacture, therby rendering competition in the American market with similar goods of Swiss or English manufacture utterly impossible in the future. Competition in these fabrics between the English and German manufacturers is very keen, and such a tax would destroy the American market for the German factories entirely. It would have a disastrous effect in Germany, creating havoc in some districts of the country, and reducing who'e communities to destitution. German newspapers inform their readers that the American Congress will reconvene in the fall, and to that time and to the measures that Congress will adopt they look forward with anxiety.

A Rival Meat Shop

Those who have flattered themselves that this country would have a monopoly of the beef and mutton trade of the world, even if our hog does not go very well, are likely to wake up some fine morning to find that they are mistaken. The officials here are informed that recent experiments in shipping frozen beef and mutton from New Zealand to England have proven a great success and are likely to have a very material effect upon the trade of this country in that line. Vessels are now running between Auckland and London, carrying thousands of carcasses at each trip, and placing the meat in the English markets in such excellent condition as to create great surprise and very great satisfaction there. The carcasses of five thousand sheep which recently arrived there from Auckland by a single steamer attracted especial attention, both by reason of their remarkable size and fine quality of the meat, and was pronounced by the London Times "a triumph over physical difficulties almost incredible." One company has fitted out a half dozen steamers which have a capacity for carrying five or six thousand carcasses, and are able to put the temperature in their holds down to forty degrees below zero. Others are also entering into the trade with a considerable number of steamships, and it is estimated that a fine quality of mutton can be laid down in the London markets as fresh as the hour it is slaughtered at twelve cents per pound, with a handsome profit all around.

Where and How Sardines are Prepared

Nearly all of the fish eaten in America as sardines come from Maine They are small herring. Sometimes only a bushel or two are taken at a time, and at others so many as to endanger the net. The degree of dexterity with which they are cleaned is astonishing, especially as it is done by very young children. After this they are placed on large gridirons, and suspended over a hot fire to broil. The boxes are prepared with attractive French labels indicating olive oil but this is false, as the oil is cotton seed. The packing is another operation at which little people are expert. A fish is seized in each hand and laid lengthwise in the box first a head at the outer end and then a tail. After the boxes are full a small quantity of oil is poured in, and then they are passed to men who solder them tightly. They are next thrown into an immense cauldron, where they are boiled two hours, thus completing the cooking process, and dissolving the bones of the fish One of the establishments in Lubec prepares about 4,000 boxes daily, and there are nineteen such places in Eastport, besides many others at seaport towns The actual cost per box, including all expenses, is said to be five cents.

National Bank Circulation Decreasing

The forthcoming report of the Comptroller of the Currency will show a very considerable falling off in National Bank circulation during the past year During the last month of the year it fell off over a million dollars For the year the falling off will be about $8,000,000 The removal of the tax of one-half of one per cent. from bank capital and deposits by last Congress led many to believe that an increase of circulation on the capital in the banking business would follow. But this expectation has not been realized. There has been no material increase in the number of new banks chartered. Those opened do not, as a rule, take out much circulation. On the contrary they, as a rule, start with a small capital and issue as little circulation as the law will permit. The claim by the bankers last winter, that the tax on circulation ought to be also removed, appears from this to have been sustained by subsequent events It is quite probable that an effort will be made next session to have this circulation tax removed.

Some Curious Suicides

Magruder killed himself in Maryland because of grief for his first wife, though he had taken a second and entirely worthy one. Marks drowned himself in a Kansas millpond, the dam for which he had just built as the water proved insufficient to turn the wheel. Jennie Roberts, of Pennsylvania, flung herself into a stream after being refused parental permission to go to a ball. Picketts, a member of the Texas bar, had no desire to live when he had lost a case and been berated by the client. Mrs. Jones, of Maryland, took laudanum because she could not take money from her husband's cash drawer. Atkinson, of California, mentally staked his life on his horse, and forfeited on the conclusion of the race.

(Advertisement.)

Second Amendment Convention.

Temperance men of Coshocton county, of all political parties, are requested to meet in City Hall, Coshocton, Ohio, on Saturday, August 25th, at 10 o'clock A. M The object of said Convention is to thoroughly organize the county in the interest of the prohibitory amendment to be submitted at the coming October election. As this campaign is to be conducted in the interest of *no political party*, but with the sole object of securing the entire vote of the State, so far as possible, for the prohibitory amendment, it is hoped that all temperance men, of whatever political or religious belief, will be present and lend a helping hand. Let all church and temperance organizations throughout the county send full delegations. The grandest opportunity the voters of Ohio ever had of dealing a death blow to the rum power is now offered us. In the name of the thousands of wrecked and ruined homes in our great commonwealth let us strike for 'God and our native land."

I have been authorized to append the following names to this call:

A. S. CATON, Member of State Central Committee,

Rev. J. H. Conkle, Rev. Jesse Williams, Rev. E. L. Warner, Rev. McCullough, H. C. Bush, Johnson Oglevie, R. H. McFadden, Robert Moore Jr., Robert Given, Samuel Neldon, David Laughlin, Patrick Thompson, George Hughes, Luther Norris, Edward Pine, Henry Lee, Thomas James, W. H Groves, Samuel Moore, Perry Darling, Hiram Beall, B. R. Shaw, J. S. Elliott, Geo. LeRetilley, J. M. Compton, W. H. Robinson Sr, I. B. Dillin, E. V. Coe, E. J. Pocock, J. W. Stanford, H H. Wood, Rev D Trichler, Rev B Hurshouer, Rev W D Wallace, J H Gould, Samuel Morehead, Solon Lawrence, D G Whittemore, Isaac Darling.

A set of paper wheels under a truck of an engine of the Central Vermont railroad have been in use two years, and they are still apparently sound.

Nordenskjold, the eminent Swedish navigator, will leave in August with an expedition for Greenland. He proposes to go into the interior and to make a thorough exploration of the territory.

The new bridge across the Tay river will cost $3,500,000, and, it is thought, will take six years to build. Its center and longest span will be 245 feet in length.

Harry Hamilton bet twenty dollars that he could look at the head of a pin for twenty minutes. At the expiration of ten minutes he was nearly blind, and he had to bathe his eyes in warm water and go to bed.

Where the bark has been gnawed or scraped off from a tree the new bark may be made to grow again by covering the denuded place with clay. It has been made to grow in this way without even leaving a scar.

Singular, isn't it, how many small men have large incomes?—*New York News.* And the larger the income grows the smaller some men become.—*Oil City Derrick.*

During the winter we feel that we can hold our own pretty well as an average liar; but, now that the circus-bill is beginning to adorn the wall, we feel our utter insignificance.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Are you any relation to my sister?" He blushed and stammered until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying: "No, but he'd like to be—wouldn't you, Alfred?"

A letter from Washington, speaking of the clerks, says: "Women do not lose any more time on account of sickness than the men do on account of dissipation."

The ravages of some insects on the spruce trees of Northern Maine, says the Bangor *Commercial*, are becoming a matter of serious concern to owners of timber lands.

The Opelousas (La.) *Courier* announces that a lady at Carencro, who is seventy-nine years old and has been married only a few years, gave birth to a child recently.

The youngest telegraph operator in the world is probably a little girl ten years old, Hallie Hutchison by name, who lives in Texas, and has charge of the telegraph office at the railway station at which she resides.

The Bishop of Gibraltar, in a letter to the London *Times*, states that, "the moral condition of Monte Carlo, containing, as it does, the very scum of all Europe, is so bad," that he declines to give his sanction to a scheme for the erection of an English church there.

Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, was the principal military prison for rebel officers during the war, nearly three hundred of whom were buried there. The graves are neglected, the headboards fallen or gone, and the lettering upon those remaining well nigh obliterated. A movement is on foot to place the ground in presentable condition

An Indian was accused of killing deer during close time in Maine. He exhibited to the jury treaties from the General Government and from Massachusetts permitting Indians to hunt and fish. The accused pleaded for his exemption from the law, and manifested so much of the traditional eloquence of his race that he was acquitted.

A New Hampshire payer says that the country district school in that state is far from being what it was a generation ago. Benches, which were crowded then are nearly empty now, and in the place of merry groups of children scattered along the roadway, here and there a solitary scholar takes up his walk to school. The towns very generally make liberal provision for their schools, but they have not the children to send.

Archil, the new dyestuff, is now put in the market in the form of paste, and is employed in wood and silk in an acid bath (by means of sulphuric acid and sulphate of soda). The shades obtained differ very little from those had by means of archil, but are slightly yellow. With equal prices the substitute is said to be richer in color than archil, and also faster; it is, in fact, one of the fastest of dyes obtained from coal tar; like archil, it can be used in combination.

It is said that the greatest dread of a gambler is that he will be paralyzed. They nearly all expect to die from a shock of some kind. It may come from the fact that a great many of them have gone that way. If a man with a withered arm or leg should happen in a gambling house the dealer would quit his chair. Another dread of gamblers is a man who comes in to play with a cane in his hand. This is regarded as bad luck to the house.

The Coshocton Age

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The Senate Vote on the Tariff on Wool.

For an increase of the tariff, 16 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent; against the increase of tariff, 14 Republicans and 26 Democrats. He who runs may read.

Democratic Testimony.

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool, and only 3 for increase. This is the record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.—*Editorial in Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.) July 28 1883.*

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

[Election, October 9, 1883.]

For Governor,
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton.

For Lieutenant Governor,
WILLIAM G. ROSE,
Of Cuyahoga.

For Supreme Judge,
(*Term ending February 9, 1887.*)
WILLIAM H. UPSON,
Of Summit.

(*Term ending February 9, 1889.*)
JOHN H. DOYLE,
Of Lucas.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DWIGHT CROWELL,
Of Ashtabula.

For Attorney General,
M. B. EARNHART,
Of Miami.

For Auditor of State,
JOHN F. OGLEVEE,
Of Clarke.

For Treasurer of State,
JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson.

For State Commissioner of Common Schools,
DANIEL F. DEWOLFE,
Of Lucas.

For Member Board of Public Works,
LEO WELTZ,
Of Clinton.

WITH wool placed upon the free list, as the Democrats in National Convention in 1880 resolved in favor of, how much does the Coshocton Democrat figure out the wool growers of Coshocton county would have lost? Will it tell?

IF Mr. Walker was short $300 in his accounts, he should be made to square up. If he was not, he should so demonstrate. If he was, the people do not want him for Treasurer. If he was not, they don't want him unless he demonstrates that the charge is false. When will the suit against the author of the charge be commenced?

TIME is passing on; it is now only a few weeks until election; it is more than two months since the report was set afloat concerning Mr. Walker's deficiency while deputy Treasurer under Mr. Beaver, and there has been nothing made public whereby the blame can be fastened where it belongs. Does Mr. Walker intend to move in the matter?

PREVIOUS to the Democrat primary election Mr. Walker's friends announced that he intended to bring suit against Mr. Beaver, or some one else, who was the author of the story set afloat that there was a deficiency of $300 in his accounts as deputy Treasurer, but so far no move has been made. The people want to understand this thing, and are anxiously awaiting a move on his part.

"A TARIFF for revenue only."—Democrat National platform 1880.

A tariff for revenue, according to Prof. John M. Gregory, an eminent writer upon political economy,

"Is one laid for the sole purpose of collecting revenue for the use of government, and is PROPERLY MADE UP OF DUTIES ON GOODS NOT PRODUCED AT HOME."

In 1880 the Coshocton Democrat advocated the principles enunciated above with all its ability, and those principles meant that wool should be placed on the free list. Does the Democrat still maintain that belief?

THE Mushroom is "worried" because THE AGE is "parading scurrilous insults and slanderous attacks upon our best citizens." By this we presume the Mushroom means our manner of telling the truth about Democrat politicians and so-called enterprising citizens who go back on their obligations given to the public. But the truth is not slanderous, and THE AGE confines itself to the truth.

It is not necessary to depart from the truth to deal with such people. Facts are far more unpleasant and crushing.

What the Scott Law is Doing.

As a revenue measure the Scott law has come to be rather well understood. Even here in Coshocton county its beneficent results are very perceptibly felt, because it puts $2300 into the Infirmary fund, and enough in our Incorporation fund to pay off an indebtedness that has been hanging over the tax payers, and for which the town Council has been afraid to make a levy to liquidate. In other parts of the State it is more effectual.

But it is not as a revenue measure alone that it is efficient. As a temperance measure it is proving effective by wiping out a goodly number of places of tippling. In our own county it shut up 23 places, and in the State at large it has closed not less than 2500. We are safe in making this estimate, because the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette a few days ago contained reports from seventy of the eighty-eight counties in the State, which showed that 1019 had closed, and in this report Coshocton was credited with only two, and it is fair to presume the information from many of the other counties was no more reliable.

So it is demonstrated that this feature alone—the inability to pay the tax—has proved effective as a restricting movement. But that is not all. There is a clause restoring the McConnellsville ordinance law, which places it in the power of town councils to prohibit saloons entirely, and many towns are taking advantage thereof. We have some in our own neighborhood. Fredericktown, in Knox county, has prohibited them, and where they had three they now have none; Frazeysburg, in Muskingum county, has prohibited saloons entire under this law; and the same can be done wherever public sentiment demands it.

What more, then, is wanted by prohibitionists? If the prohibition sentiment is of sufficient strength they can have it under this law; and if it is not strong enough to secure it now, it would not be strong enough to secure it under a constitutional amendment, and therefore it would remain a dead letter and do harm by creating a disregard for constitutions that is dangerous to cultivate.

There is no question but the cities and larger towns will oppose prohibition, and if it should be engrafted in the Constitution it would not be enforced, and we would again have practical free whisky; while in the rural districts it is already practically prohibited by the operation of the Scott law, and the tax payers therein still reap the benefits of the revenue derived from the towns where prohibition could not be enforced, but the Scott law is.

It strikes us that hard business sense would dictate that the best mode of dealing with this question has been evolved, and it should be sustained at the ballot box by voting for the first amendment.

Was Not Converted, but Simply Didn't Understand What He Wrote.

In the interests of truth we are compelled to announce that THE AGE was mistaken last week. We do this with sorrow—not because we are thus compelled to publicly acknowledge that we made an error, but that in so acknowledging we are compelled to publish to the world that what we believed to be a conversion of a seared and hardened sinner, was simply a stepping stone to greater sins.

In its issue of July 28 the Mushroom organ contained this truthful statement:

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate, on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, WHILE OF THE DEMOCRATIC SENATORS 26 VOTED FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE DUTIES ON WOOL, AND ONLY 3 FOR INCREASE. This is the record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolved in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy is silent upon that point.

Now this contains a truth that THE AGE has been trying to impress upon the minds of our farmer friends throughout the county, for several weeks, and when we read the same in the columns of our Democratic contemporary our soul was moved—in fact we gave thanks, because it showed that there was honor in Democratic newspapers, and they would sometimes tell the truth.

But our happiness was short lived. It was not a desire to tell the truth, but simply from inability to understand the truth that the Mushroom editor permitted the same to appear in his columns. Last week his friends, after laboring diligently facts with him to show that it would never do to thus publish in a Democrat newspaper, induced the able editor to write out an explanation, with the aid of the Newark Advocate, that would put old Ananias himself to shame.

He tried hard to lay it all on the intelligent compositor, but the latter swears it is the fault of the editor, and so the public believes.

For a time it was thought some Republican missionary had been after him with a two dollar bill—that being the sum for which it is given out by Democratic papers that Democrats can be bought—but that theory has been set aside by a recognition of the fact that he did not understand what he was publishing, and therefore published the truth.

This editor once read Charles Nordhoff's Political Economy, which is free trade to the core, and arose with the belief that he had been reading a rank protectionist; and now he discusses the tariff question with about as much conception of its workings as a South Sea Islander has of the Pendleton Civil Service law.

We are sorry that there was not a conversion; we are sorry that he can't understand what he reads; but we are glad that through his inability to understand he once permitted the truth to appear in his columns.

The New Tariff Bill and the Reduction Upon Wool.

The Democrat newspapers in Coshocton are attempting to mislead their readers concerning the slight reduction of the tariff upon wool, and the Mushroom organ in particular thinks it produces a crushing argument when it appropriates from the columns of the Newark Advocate the vote upon the tariff bill as a whole, which shows that by aid of Republican votes it became a law. This bill as a whole is, therefore a Republican measure, and the Republican party can well be proud of it, because it saves the people between $65,000,000 and $75,000,000 per year.

But while a party in power is responsible for legislation as a whole, there may be features for which a minority is responsible, because of determined opposition, and that is the case with the reduction of the tariff upon wool. To show this it is necessary to give a history of the new tariff bill and the various steps taken to make it a law.

The platform of 1881 as adopted by the Democrats of Ohio, said of the tariff

"We favor the appointment of a commission to suggest a method of revision which shall accomplish this result,"

The result desired being a reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis.

The people of the country generally recognized the necessity of a reduction of the tariff, and a commission was appointed, composed of intelligent and practical men, representatives of the varied industries of the country.

The bill authorizing the appointment of this commission passed in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 15, every member who voted against it being a Democrat, but Davis, of Illinois, who was an Independent. The bill required the commission to make their report not later than January, 1883.

They traveled over the country, visited the principal cities and manufacturing centres, and received suggestions from leading manufacturers, capitalists, and representatives of varied industrial pursuits, and when Congress assembled in December, were prepared to make their report. It was very exhaustive and recommended reductions that were believed to be just, and would result in the saving of many millions to the people.

Soon after the meeting of Congress two bills were introduced—one in the Senate and one in the House. From the beginning the Democrats displayed determined opposition. They were resolved to prevent the passage of any tariff bill at that session, because they could then go before the people and say the Republican Congress had failed to relieve the burdens, and thereby make political capital. Every obstacle was thrown in the way, both in the House and in the Senate, but finally the Senate bill passed and was sent to the House, but that body failed to act. Time was passing on, and in a few days more the life of the Congress would expire, and it looked as if the Democrats would succeed in defeating any effort the Republicans might make to pass a tariff bill. A conference committee was appointed from members of both houses, and they determined upon the passage of the Senate bill. The committee made its report, and the bill became a law, and the people were thus saved millions in spite of determined Democratic opposition.

But, while the bill as a whole is a good measure, the Ohio wool growers feel that they have not been treated fairly, because of the reduction of the tariff upon wool; and the Representatives and Senators from this State were of the same opinion, and therefore Senator Sherman, while the bill was being discussed in the Senate, moved an amendment increasing the duties upon wool to about what the tariff of 1867 imposed, but it met with opposition, and was defeated, the vote on the same being as follows:

For an increase of the tariff, 16 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent; against the increase of the tariff, 14 Republicans and 26 Democrats.

From this it is plain that if the Democrats had been anxious to have the tariff on wool retained they could have done so; but they were determined to defeat all tariff legislation if possible, and if not all, any part thereof that they could.

There is no doubt but this interest would fare even worse at the hands of Democrats if they had the power to do so, because in 1880 they favored placing it on the free list, and they advocated it with all their power and ability from Maine to Texas; and for them now to attempt to mislead and throw the blame of their own misdeeds upon the shoulders of the only party that has ever pretended to give protection to American industries, is the most arrant demagogy, and will rightly cause condemnation to be heaped upon them at the ballot box by an indignant people.

The Republican party is glad it was enabled to save the people $75,000,000 in spite of Democratic opposition, and as a whole are proud of the tariff bill, and intelligent people who investigate will find no trouble in placing the responsibility for the reduction of the tariff upon wool where it belongs.

The Scott Law Endorsed by an Orthodox Newspaper.

Rev. Dr. Allison, Editor of the Presbyterian Banner, in his columns endorsed the Scott Liquor Law, whereupon some of his Democratic and Prohibition friends centured him. Dr. Allison comes back at them in a forcible way, and we commend his views to the goody goodies of our county who can see no good but in their ephemeral and impracticable views. Dr. Allison editorially says: "We did not for a moment commend the Scott Law of Ohio as the best possible temperance law, but the best one whose enactment was possible at the time. That any one was so dull as to suppose that we held up this as the model prohibitory law, or so wicked as to represent us as doing so, we did not for a moment suspect. But it seems that we did not know to what lengths ignorance on the one hand or maliciousness on the other might go. Any thing that will diminish the number of saloons or regulate in any way the sale of liquor is an improvement. The Scott bill does both of these, and notwithstanding its obvious defects it is a long stride in the right direction ahead of what has previously been in force in Ohio.

"During the time of its operation the Scott law has accomplished greater results than was expected by very many of its best friends. The high rate of license necessarily reduces the number of drinking places, and also causes those who pay it to be personally interested in suppressing all unlicensed liquor houses. The permission given to the authorities of any municipal corporation to regulate and control the sale of beer and native wines on the Sabbath, makes no provision for the sale of whiskey on that day, and it practically prohibits the sale of even beer and wines on that day, as we doubt very much whether the municipal authorities of any city or town in Ohio will dare take upon themselves the responsibilities of giving an official grant for the sale of such articles on the Lord's day. Practically, acording to this bill this is a matter of "local option," with which the people are competent to deal. There is not the least likelihood that the council of any city or town that would license the sale of beer and native wines on the Sabbath would be re-elected.

"The allegation by liquor men and their retainers that the Scott law is not in the interest of temperance, is purely hypocritical. If that law was not in behalf of temperance why did the liquor men oppose its enactment? Why did they carry it up to the Supreme Court of the state at great expense of money that it might be pronounced, if possible, unconstitutional? And why are they now seeking to render it inoperative? Their attempts to deceive the people by pointing out the defects and weak parts of the law and distort its intent, are strong evidence that it will interfere with whisky selling, promote temperance and aid in bringing about total prohibition. If temperance people are satisfied that it will be an ally in behalf of their object, why should liquor manufacturers and sellers and political shysters insist that it will not be? Are these latter to be accepted as the only true expounders of temperance principles?

"This is a question which arises above all party consideration, and small-fry politicians are not competent to deal with it or any other great measure. The endeavor to represent the Scott law of Ohio as aiding and abetting the liquor trade and intemperance, is as stupid as to say that the law of Illinois, which prohibits the sale of liquor to children and which the liquor league of Chicago is now shamelessly seeking to nullify, is in the interest of liquor-selling and intemperance. Those who are making a noise about the permissive clause, which we deeply regret, concerning the sale of beer and wine on the Lord's day, advantage of which is not likely to be taken by any sober or rational council, are those who for the most part are in favor, if they only dare avow it, of free beer, free wines and free whiskey on the Sabbath and on all other days. We are in favor of the Scott law not because it is perfect, but because it is the best that could be obtained and is worthy of fair trial. Graded license has been tried; now let us see what can be done by means of high license."

Sentinel's Notes.

Written for the Age.

It is the little viporous demijohn of kill-em-quick and craziness that the Scott law takes hold of and smashes.

The editor who fills the most of his paper with personal abuse, to gratify a grudge, against a rival gives himself away to the more intelligent people of a community, and shows a lack of ability to argue a question on its merits.

Judge Hoadly, the tongney motive power of the "New Democracy," has evidently run away with them. They are terribly mixed up on everything except their main issue, viz: "We want the offices." He is a terrible bitter pill to old line Democrats, especially when some kind Republican friend reads a section from Hoadly's Republican speech to them. It is fun to see them squirm.

Chairman Bargar and his assistant, J. W. Murphy, came down from Columbus Saturday to wind up the Democrat machine here and start it square on the "New Democracy" track according to Hoadly. The "Hoadly for revenue only" Dems. still look anxious.

A few years ago the Democrats were fighting resumption of specie payment. Now they are commencing to claim the credit of the same. A short time since their leaders declared the Scott law was unconstitutional, and that they would whip the stuffing out of the Republicans on that issue; now their leaders want to crawl around the Scott law issue, and many of the rank and file are declaring the law a good thing for the tax payer. The balance are hopelessly and terribly mixed.

The Democrat menagerie advertised did not show up. Special Order No. 1 from Democrat headquarters forbids talking by the rank and file, except strictly among themselves, so that our fun in that line is over for the present.

Capt. Crowell is the happiest Democrat we know of, and well he may be, as the opposition to him will only be a nominal one, Captain, can't you do something bad between this and election?

Gil. Bargar looks worried, and well he may be, having the "New Democracy" to look after and his own political fences to keep up in Coshocton county.

The Democrat papers publishing as a fact that the Republicans bought Democrats for $2, more or less, in Indiana, in 1880, is a puzzler to the old liners of Coshocton county.

SENTINEL.

Some Advice to Mr. Hoadly.

The New York Herald, a paper that is independent, but always supports Democratic National tickets, thinks Judge Hoadly's case is really getting worse and worse, and says that he ought to at once defend himself against the charge made by Mr. Woodard, the Democratic correspondent of the Democratic Enquirer, that the Judge had admitted, indirectly, to him that the nomination had cost him $50,000, and the Herald says if these charges are true, they "ought to compel the Democratic party in Ohio to set Mr. Hoadly aside and put a very different kind of candidate at the head of their ticket. If they are not true Mr. Hoadly ought to say so without delay. He called Gov. Foster to account very sharply but when Foster did what Hoadly asked him to do—gave his authority for the assertian he had made—and when Woodward himself responded very frankly, then Mr. Hoadly went down to Alabama and kept silent.

"It will not do. If Mr. Hoadly can not meet Mr. Woodard he had better get off the state ticket, or else the Democrats in Ohio may as well save themselves the expense and trouble of making a useless canvass. With such a dumb candidate, who has declined even to meet his antagonist, Mr. Foraker, in a joint discussion, the Democrats can not hope to succeed, because they will not deserve to."

Failures in New England.

Within the past ten days there have been some disastrous failures in New England. Last week several large shoe firms, leather manufacturers and tanners failed, with liabilities running away up into millions, and this week the Vermont National Bank at St. Albans, Vt., closed its doors, with liabilities amounting to about a half million dollars, and the President of the concern has liabilities amounting to about one million. This failure was caused by the President dabbling in railroad interests, and not by legitimate business.

While these failures are calculated to create an uneasiness in business centres, it is the opinion of men in position to know that no danger to the general business interests of the country is imminent, because the country is in a prosperous condition; money can be obtained in New York as low as one and one-half per cent. and the prudent business man who makes no visionary investments and does not go after strange goods, figuratively speaking, has no cause for alarm.

THE NEWEST OF THE OLD.

AN ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE

By Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, Upon Life Among the Japanese.

Tuesday evening last, Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, of the Ohio University at Columbus, delivered, under the auspices of the Teachers Institute, a very entertaining lecture upon "Life among the Japanese." The lecture was delivered in the Presbyterian Church, and he was greeted with a goodly sized audience. Prof. Mendenhall occupied a chair in the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan, for three years, and of course is familiar with the habits and history of the Japan of to-day. He lectured for about an hour, his style being of the conversational order, and as if talking to a class. He prefaced his remarks by saying that the report recently sent out from Washington that the United States in completing a treaty with Corea, was the first to so negotiate was a mistake; that to Japan is the United States Government indebted for the privilege, because some years ago Japan pursued the same plan with their neighbor that the United States had with Japan, viz: Shot friendship into them with powder and ball. He characterized Japan as the newest of the oldest of all countries—sometimes called the Yankee land of the far east.

The history of Japan has never been written in any language, and all that can be learned thereof is fragmentary. We got much in the literature of Japan concerning the lives of great warriors, statesmen, philosophers and poets, and by the aid thereof, can form some idea of the history of the people, but the field for writing a history still remains open, and will, no doubt, some day in the near future be filled.

A peculiar feature about the Government of Japan, and one that is well authenticated, is that the reigning Emperors have all been in direct descent—there has never been a break, but for many years has one family continued to reign. The present Emperor is a man of about 30 years of age—of stolid and uninteresting appearance, but the fact that he is the 125th in direct descent lends to him a charm that is calculated to excite interest. The people of Japan believe themselves to have been heavenly descended. Their belief is that their earliest Emperor came from heaven and founded the land of the rising sun, and for this reason the Emperor is deified, and none are permitted to look upon his face except a favored few. It is the current belief that the religion of Japan is Buddhism, but this is not true. Their religion—the religion recognized by the Government is Shintoism. It is true the Buddhist religion is observed by a large class, but the other is the one that prevails.

Japan became a civilized country more than 1,000 years ago, and strange as it may seem they received their language and first alphabet from the Coreans; and not only their language but the arts, especially pottery in which they excel. Japan progressed very rapidly, and institutions of learning and the arts and sciences etc. were sought for, and the institution with which the speaker was connected during his stay there is the oldest on the earth. Oxford, in England, is 1,000 years old, whereas the Japanese university is 1,200 years old, and was founded by one of the Emperors. But while the early history of Japan is favorable to them as a people, for the last 300 years she has stood still, while other nations have pushed forward. This is because while there was a desire on their part to learn and better fit themselves to live in the world, the sciences were omitted, and came to be looked upon as disgraceful to pursue the study of the same. Until within recent years none but the lower classes gave any attention to mathematics, not even the study of arithmetic, because it was looked upon as degrading. The power of the almighty dollar was not recognized by them—especially the upper million, as the aristocratic portion is called.

The country while ruled by an Emperor in name, in fact has a great number of rulers. It is divided into a number of provinces, each province being governed by a ruler or Prince, each Prince having under him a number of retainers. This feudal system grew and became so complete as to retard the growth of the country until overthrown by American cannon a few years ago, and now it may be said to be completely abandoned. The speaker spent a few years there before the final overthrow of the system. The retainers under the Prince's were men of science and power, but the Princes, as a rule—and it is not confined to Japanese Princes—were men of little ability and very few attainments. These retainers under the Princes were the upper million, and to them the defence of the country was entrusted—thus the knowledge of war was kept up. Besides this upper million there are thirty-three millions of the lower class. These constitute the producing class—farmers, labors, tradesmen, etc.

The history of the New Japan does not commence with the arrival of Commodore Perry. For many years before that, a great part of the population of Japan had been anxious to have their gates thrown open that they might learn more of the outside world—they were tired living within themselves, and wanted to reach out, expand and mingle with other parts of the earth, but they dared not so publicly express or ask the powers that be, because such expression would have meant instant death.

The speaker then hurriedly traced the known history of Japan—the attempts by the Jesuits to christianize them some hundred years ago—the admission of Dutch traders, whereby a craving for greater knowledge was created among the Japanese—the final treaty with the United States—and then with the European countries. Perhaps as interesting a part of the lecture as any was that relative to his personal experience in Japan, but our space forbids more than a brief mention and we condense thus:

All Japanese enter dwelling houses, railroad cars and rooms of every kind in their bare feet; the women smoke; in serving dinner they commence just to the reverse of Americans—the desert and confectionery first, and the substantials last—they never use chairs, but sit upon the floor, and when eating are served upon trays—the only manner of feeding themselves is with chopsticks, both of which are held in one hand—they do not smoke opium—they use their feet quite as much as their hands in performing their work, and one illustration will serve to demonstrate this. A blacksmith was observed at his work. The fire was made in a cavity in the ground and the workman sat down to work; with one hand he held a heated iron and struck with a hammer which was held in the other; with one foot he worked the bellows thereby heating another iron and with the other foot he lighted his pipe, thereby using all four extremities at one time, and making much greater progress than if he had used his hands alone. Every thing in Japan is performed just to the reverse of the manner in which similar duties are performed in America. The clocks strike 12, then 11, then 10 and so on; the carpenter draws his plane instead of pushing; a horse is backed into a stall instead of being led in, and many other things equally as curious were named by the speaker.

We are sorry that further report can not be made, because it was undoubtedly very entertaining and instructive, and Prof. Mendenhall succeeded in making many friends, and in awakening a new interest in the minds of his hearers concerning this newest of the oldest countries that can but result in personal investigation and study, and greater familiarity with the history of this curious but interesting people.

White Bronze.

The *Journal and Republican* of Lowville N. Y., has a lengthy account of the dedication of a Soldiers' Monument in that place, from which we extract:

Our Soldiers' and sailors' monument was constructed by the Monumental Bronze Co., of Bridgeport, Ct., and is one of the most beautiful, chaste and appropriate structures of the kind it has been our fortune to examine. Its material is what is known as "White Bronze." The monument is twenty feet high and on its top stands the life size statue of the typicle American soldier, with his hands clasped around his musket, at the position of "Parade Rest." The sub-base of the monument is 78 inches square, and resembles what masons call "rough ashler" work. Above it is the base on which in large raised letters on the east side is the word "Antietam;" on the north, "Gettysburgh;" on the west, "Wilderness;" on the south, "Five Forks." Above it is the plinth, on whose four sides are the names of 180 of our dead boys in raised letters. Above, on the south of the tablet, are the words of dedication: "To all the brave defenders of the Union in 1861-1864, from the county of Lewis." On the east tablet are the names of forty-one of our dead boys, on the north tablet these words:

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of our dead."

On the west the names of forty-two of our dead soldiers. Above, and on the south of the upper tablets or shields, is inscribed "Erected 1883." On the east one, a medallion cavalry soldier, mounted and fully equipped.

On the south front of the spire or shaft is a beautiful cluster of crossed flags, a shield, cannons, guns, swords, a drum, and the boarding pike and anchor of the navy. On the east side is a large anchor with its cable fouled; on the north side is the complete badge of the grand army of the republic, and on the west side is a stack of muskets and above them two crossed sheathed cavalry sabers. Between the tablets and shaft are garlands of leaves, roses and rosebuds, and pendant garlands of the same are suspended beneath the capital which surmounts the shaft.

Its design and finish are faultless, and command the admiration of all beholders. The statute on top is one of the most artistic we ever saw, and in its details, and the natural "pose" of every part of it and in its fidelity, is absolutely perfect.

Taken as a whole, the entire structure is a splendid piece of workmanship and reflects great credit upon its designers and manufacturers.

We understand that it is a monument something as above described that is contemplated to erect in commemoration of Coshocton county's dead soldiers. Mr. L. B. Wolfe, the White Bronze Agent, is doing much of the work in furtherance of the project.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR opened the Southern Exposition at Louisville, last week. Of all the distinguished men present Secretary Bob Lincoln attracted the greatest attention, especially among the colored people, one old darkey exclaiming, "Dar he is! Dat's him! Dats old Abe's son!" The memory of Lincoln and Lincoln's own has a hold upon the colored people, and would make Secretary Lincoln a formidable candidate for President in 1884.

AUSTIN F. PIKE has been elected United States Senator from New Hampshire to succeed Senator Rollins. The election gives great satisfaction among New Hampshire Republicans.

FATE AT SHILOH.

The First Day's Battle at Pittsburg Landing.

Grant's Surprise---The Federals Crushed Back and on the Verge of Annihilation---The Death of Johnston.

"M. Quad" in Detroit Free Press.

Aside of the genius of great generals, there is a genius in war. In place of it there is a term fate. Fate permits a victory or enforces a defeat. It pursues one general with vindictive hate and smiles upon another to his own surprise. McDowell should have won the first battle of the war. His plans were perfect, his force sufficient and his troops disposed to the best advantage. Fate waved its hand and his hosts were swept away in a panic for which no man can urge a reasonable excuse.

Had Stonewall Jackson lived to see the sun of another day Hooker's whole army at Chancellorsville would have been bagged or scattered. Fate led Jackson to the hour of a great victory and then demanded his life.

For three days fate hovered in the valley between the blue and the gray at Gettysburg—the gaunt figure rent with wounds and covered with blood—and then it turned and frowned upon Lee.

At Stone river, Chickamauga, Missionary ridge, Peach Tree creek, Franklin, in the Wilderness, on a dozen other fields, fate decided the victory. The generals shook the dice boxes, and fate counted the throw. A wrong move by a brigade, the falling back of a single company, the misconstruction of an order, ten minutes delay, has and may again lose a battle. Genius cannot provide for these contingencies, fate can bring them about.

Had the Confederates advanced upon Burnside at Fredericksburg at sundown, as was first ordered, that great Federal army would have been annihilated. Fate countermanded the order. Had the Confederate army advanced at Shiloh as was ordered, they must have swept the field and won a great victory.

History traces battle only from the time the troops appear on the field. History is therefore silent regarding events preceding the battle of Shiloh. Such was the disposition of armies that one might expect a collision at any time, and yet the Confederates, while showing a bold front and apparently maneuvering for positions, were waiting and were by no means ready for a conflict. Whole regiments which took part in the battle when it finally occurred were without arms up to three days previous. There was a deficiency of artillery and ammunition and clothing, and the chances of battle depended on fate. Blockade runners were on their way from England with the desired equipments. If spared by storm, would they escape the Federal blockaders? Fate decided. Two ships loaded with arms entered Charleston by the closest shave, and with feverish haste and by special trains the arms were conveyed to Johnston's men. In three days he was ready to advance upon Grant.

The greatest blunder Grant committed during the war was at Shiloh. He was to simply halt at that point until Buell could join him for a grand movement onward. Instead of keeping the broad and deep Tennessee river between his army and that of Johnston until Buell came up he crossed it over to the west bank. It was an error criticized even by citizens who knew nothing of the tactics of war, but Grant was sullen and determined, and he would not rectify it. His position was weak in a dozen different ways, and his presence was a challenge for a superior force to move up and crush him. Lincoln would have been justified in taking measures for the safety of that army, but was reassured by dispatches from Grant that Johnston was so strung out that concentration was impossible before Buell's arrival.

Johnston's forces were widely scattered, and arms were being issued the day that Grant crossed the river. It was a grand opportunity to strike a telling blow, and Johnston was the man for the emergency. With a celerity seldom exhibited in the war he called in and concentrated, some of his troops marching for twenty-six hours without a halt, and thousands of men marching across fields and through forests to save distance and avoid the mud. Every Confederate soldier who could trace a map or read a newspaper saw the situation and the opportunity, and they moved forward feeling that victory was absolutely certain. The safe arrival of two blockade runners and the blunder of a Federal general had placed the west in peril. Fate sat around the camp fires of the Federals on the banks of the muddy river—in the dark forests—on the Purdy and Hamburg highways, and she flitted along the front of Johnston's legions as they tramped steadily and sturdily forward towards victory or defeat. Neither strategy, genius, inspiration nor desperation was to decide that battle. Fate was to utter a single sentence, and her orders would be heard and obeyed above the roar of a hundred cannon.

Johnson massed in three corps. All day Saturday his men were coming up and swinging into line within rifle shot of the Federal pickets, and yet no surprise or apprehension was created. No one had any suspicion that Johnson was massing. Before midnight, of Saturday, April 3, 1862, every regiment of Johnson's army of 60,000 men was in battle line, and only waiting for the gray of morning to advance. Along the front of the divisions of Prentiss and Sherman the men standing in battle line could hear the tramp of the Federal relief guard as it passed around.

As daylight broke to light the way through forest and across field, sixty thousand Confederates moved forward in one mighty wave. Not a skirmisher was thrown out on any front, but a steady line of battle moved forward and picked up picket and sentry, and rolled into the Federal camps almost before a gun had been fired.

The surprise was most complete. Four-fifths of the Federals in these two divisions were still asleep when the crash of battle was first heard. The result was a panic—a rush—a terror-stricken mob of half-dressed men breaking back for the river to carry the panic into the camps beyond. In Sherman's division only one brigade had time to form a battle-line, and this was picked up and absorbed by the wave without a halt. There was no rallying men who were neither dressed nor armed, and Sherman's front fell back so rapidly that the fugitives balked every attempt of the regiments in rear to form in battle-line.

It is twenty-one years since that fight, and yet as I rode over the ground the other day I found a thousand signs of that sudden rush upon Sherman. Hundreds of trees bear the scars of ball and bullet, and one can tell just where the Federals rallied for a moment in a vain attempt to stem the bloody wave. There is not a rock, or tree, or stump on Sherman's front, and for two miles over the route of his dogged retreat, which does not tell of the fight. In the open ground one may find bullets and pieces of shell, and in the dark woods one is startled by the gleam of bones which time has whitened and the teeth of the wildcat have polished.

Prentiss' division was encamped mostly in the woods, and for some distance along its front was a swale and a ravine. This saved it from the surprise which overtook Sherman. When the Confederate wave rolled forward every regiment in Prentiss' division was under arms. They had a strong position and could have made a good fight, but its commander committed a terrible blunder. Orders were given to march by the flank and form in line of battle in an open field—then a portion of a plantation and bare of the least shelter. A part of this field is now in cotton, and a portion overgrown with briars and thicket. Bones and blood are a great fertilizer. Trees have shot up twenty-five feet high and brier and bramble thrive here until a horse can hardly break through.

The Federals formed in an open field and there met the attack. The gray lines swept up to the edge of the field, and there, sheltered and protected, poured in such volleys as soon tore regiments to pieces. Every Confederate had shelter; every Federal was a fair target. While whole companies were being wiped out in the open field there was hardly a casualty in regiments posted in the woods. The Federals held gallantly, fought like heroes doomed to die, but of a sudden the gray lines pushed out, the Federal flanks were folded back like the wings of a bird, and over 3,000 prisoners were caught as in a trap, while the remainder of the division fled in a panic.

At 10 o'clock there came a lull in the battle. Prentiss had surrendered, Sherman had been driven, McClernand had fought like a tiger but had lost ground, and everywhere along its front the Confederate army had won a victory. Five thousand panic-stricken and unarmed men were crowding back to the river with white faces and tales of disaster and apprehension was written on the face of every Federal officer. If the advance of that victorious wave could not be checked the entire Federal army would be driven to the banks of the Tennessee by high noon. Now, as Johnston paused to reform his lines and bring up his artillery, Sherman fell back to join hands with McClernand and make a fight to save the army. It was a battle without a commander to direct. Each division was fighting as best it could and there was no head to appeal to for support. When pressed too hard it must fall back to a new position.

The position taken by Sherman and McClernand was a strong one. The forest was a cover for a part of the front, and in the open advantage was taken of the ditches and dips. Along some regimental fronts the men had time to build slight breastworks of logs and rails and rocks. One can to-day see where trees were rent and riven and fields reaped of the terrible harvest of death.

Down on what was McClernand's right I found a negro plowing in a field which had been cleared since the fight. Asking what relics he had discovered he pointed without a word to the heaps he had made along the edge of the field. There were bullets, fragments, solid shot, unexploded shell, old bayonets, musket barrels, belt buckles and what not, and as he started the plow it turned up a grinning skull and a rust eaten sword. From that field of a few acres had been taken 5,000 pounds of lead and iron and steel.

After Johnston had drawn a long breath he advanced upon Sherman and McClernand. If he could roll them away the battle of Shiloh would be decided before noon. If they could hold him in check for an hour help might come to turn defeat into victory. Now all along a front of two miles there was a conflict in which exultation was met by desperation. The Confederates swept right up in solid battle lines, determined to ride over and break through, but they were repulsed. The wave receded to come again and again, and it seemed as if every man in gray had become a devil. Here and there the heads of charging columns broke through the Federal lines, but only to be cut off and made prisoners. The Federal artillery mowed down the attacking lines by scores and hundreds, and yet, as at Stone river, the wave receded but to gather greater power and come again.

There was not a Federal battery on that front which was not taken and retaken from one to three times. In thirty minutes from the advance not a field piece could be moved for the want of horses. There was hand to hand grapples all along that front, and the bayonet was used as often as the bullet. It was such a resistance as Thomas made at Chickamauga as Rosecrans made at Stone river, as [illegible] made at Fair Oaks. But it was only a check.

At noon the Federal army had been rolled back at every point, and the shore of the Tennessee was lined with enough skulkers and cowards to form two brigades. The Federals had lost two to one, and 7,000 stands of arms and large quantities of ammunition had fallen into the hands of the Confederates, while nearly 6,000 prisoners had been marched to their rear. Grant had arrived, but, unable to comprehend the situation, he could do but little to change it.

At early dawn the federal army was a crescent with a front of six miles. At noon it is a thin semi-circle and the distance from flank to flank is not three miles. Not by Grant's order, but by a sort of mutual understanding as they are crowded back, the shattered lines of Sherman and McClernand reform with those of Hurlburt and form a new line. Nine out of every ten pieces of artillery have been drawn back by hand, and men too grievously wounded to walk to the rear are left among the dead. The Federals have changed their tactics now. They have posted themselves in the thick woods and behind natural cover, and to reach them the Confederates must cross the open cotton and corn-fields and the plains covered with pines too small to afford protection.

Johnston's plan was to crush the left and centre back on the right, and he was succeeding. There was scarcely a breathing spell before his battle lines burst from the woods and surged across the fields at the Federal position. He had but to break through here and his work was done. Nightfall would witness the utter annihilation of Grant's army. Every general in that Confederate army, including Johnston himself, rode at the head of his command, and the lines broke cover with cheers and shouts.

There is a hell-spot on every field of battle—some spot which becomes a maelstrom of cold, cruel slaughter. This was the hell-spot of that first day's fight. As the gray line advanced across the open ground they met such a flame of death as left one or two men standing to represent companies. Lines wavered—broke—vanished, and when the smoke lifted the fields were clear of all but the dead and wounded.

And now the gray brigades of Chalmers and Jackson are brought up and massed as a wedge to drive forward and split the center of Federal resistance. Among the 7,000 men in the two brigades are 1,000 recruits who are smelling powder for the first time. Two thousand of the men are armed with rifles and shot-guns, and are without bayonets. The wedge settles itself into a compact mass, catches a long breath, and then there is a forward movement such as Napoleon never saw. The wedge of 7,000 men drives at the Federal center with yells and cheers, reaches it, penetrates it for a short distance, and then the whirlwind picks it up and drives it back to the woods, limp, torn, bleeding, and with more than a thousand dead left behind to prove its valor.

And now the whole line moves forward like a mighty wall, and men look straight into the eyes of death without flinching. The same billow of flame rolls along the Federal front, the same terrible roar and crash, and the gray lines melt away and the dead lie so thickly that the living can hardly pick a way through them.

Again there is a breathing spell. Johnston is hurrying up fresh brigades and posting them to overlap the Federal position. During the brief respite the Federals make ready for what they know will be the last assault. When it comes it is like a tornado sweeping out of the woods. The same terrible fire is directed upon the advance—lines break and re-form—hundreds go down to rise no more—but the tornado sweeps on and on and drives the Federals from their station. They fall back grudgingly. They turn and fight at every step. The cowards departed long ago, and only brave men are left. The left and centre are crowded back until the river is behind them, and though the right has made a gallant fight, the news of disaster is beginning to tell in the ranks. From flank to flank of the Federal army the distance has been reduced from six miles to one. Johnston can concentrate 45,000 exultant men against what is hardly better than a mob. He is moving to do so when death claims him. Then the command falls upon Beauregard, and there is a delay. Johnston's programme was an overwhelming advance. Beauregard delays—dallies—pushes in a few regiments in a faint-hearted way, and orders the army to rest for the night.

Fate was there. She placed the words in his mouth, saw them obeyed, and then fled swiftly to the Federal commander and whispered to him that energy might bring victory from defeat. Had Johnston lived there would have been no Grant. Beauregard rested for a night and lost the Confederacy one of its grandest opportunities.

ENGLISH PENSIONS.

Annuities That are Perpetual---The Burden of the System, and the People's Protest.

Youth's Companion.

Prime Minister Gladstone recently proposed, in the house of commons, that the two two principal heroes of the Egyptian war should receive pensions of $10,000 dollars a year each. The pensions were to be for life, and to descend to the heirs male of their recipients, and were to be a reward for the Egyptian victories. But for the first time in the history of parliament, these pensions were so strongly resisted that the prime minister withdrew his proposal, and substituted for it one that the rewards should take the form of a sum of money.

The two men upon whom it was proposed to confer these pensions were Sir Garnet Wolseley, the victor at the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the admiral in command of the fleet which bombarded Alexandria.

Both these officers have been created peers of the realm, Sir Garnet becoming Lord Wolseley, of Egypt, and Sir B. Seymour, Lord Alcester.

The fact that the pensions proposed by the ministry were so strenuously and effectively opposed, in itself shows that a new era has dawned in England. The general and the admiral, who, with far superior forces, both in numbers and in discipline, defeated a semi-barbarous and ill-equipped army in Egypt, received an ample reward in their renown, their advancement to the honors of hereditary peers, and the generous pay allowed to their advanced rank in the British army.

Already the people of England live under a grevious weight of taxation made necessary in part by the system of pensions granted to persons of high station, and often already possessed of ample means; and the more advanced members of the house of commons protested against the proposed additional burden which would have been created had these pensions been voted.

A list of the persons who now enjoy the annual income from the British treasury would more than exhaust the space occupied by this article. It would include not only the large grants made to the queen and her sons, daughters and grandchildren; not only the pensions given to retired army, naval and civil officers; but the stipends awarded to a host of other persons for very many and various reasons.

Many of these pensions have been paid for centuries. The duke of Grafton, for instance, still receives a pension granted to an ancestor of 200 years ago and his heirs, simply because that ancestor was an illegitimate son of King Charles II. The heirs of William Penn receive no less than $20,000 a year from the treasury.

An ex-speaker of the house of commons gets $20,000 a year for life, and an ex-chancellor, $10,000. The widows of eminent statesmen, like Lords Elgin and Mayo, governors-general of India, share the bounty of the state to the extent of $5,000 a year each; while the servants of Queen Charlotte still get $600 a year each. The widow of Lord Cavendish and the sister of Mr. Burke, who were murdered a year ago in Phoenix Park, receive each $8,000 a year for life.

Many poor men of letters, artists and musicians are granted, in like manner, incomes from the same source.

The modern spirit of reform in England is hostile to this vast and constantly more burdensome system of pensions; and it is probable that the time is not distant when they will cease to be granted for the purpose of maintaining in idleness a large number of people, from the royal family, great nobles and generals and high civil officials, down to impecunious men of letters and artists who catch the royal eye.

Selling a Mess of Trout and a Secret for 75 Cents a Pound.

New York Sun.

"Where d' y' get 'em?" "Well, I might a ketched 'em in the Sawkill, or the Raymondskill, or the Capow. Or I might a yanked 'em out o' Gordon's mill-pond. I didn't though. But I've got 'em."

The Pike county small boy knows that if he brings in a nice mess of trout before anyone else has had good luck on any of the streams he is of as much importance as a circus procession, and that the chief end of man in the place, for the time being, is to find out where he caught them. A specimen of him came into the Crossman house, at Milford, Pa., the other afternoon. He had a basket of trout and set everybody crazy. Some New York fishermen were stopping at the hotel, and the landlord was anxious to find out for their benefit where the trout had been captured. Hence his query as above, and the extremely satisfactory response of the boy.

"Do you want to sell em?" asked the landlord.

"Yes, I'll sell 'em," said the boy; "but the price I've set on 'em mebbe won't suit you. They'm 60 cents a pound, these is."

"I'll give you 70 cents a pound, if you'll tell me where you got 'em," said the landlord.

The boy scratched his head. He looked his trout over, as if he was pondering the question as to whether or not it would be a good stroke of business to sell his secret with them. Finally he said:

"If you'll make it seventy-five, I'll go you."

It was a bargain. The trout was weighed, and the money counted out to the boy.

"Now, then, where'd y' catch 'em?" said the landlord.

"I said I'd tell you where I got 'em," the small boy replied, as he walked to the door. "I didn't ketch 'em. I traded six fly-hooks an' that ches'nut fish pole o' mine to Bill Smith's boy for 'em."

Slightly Mixed.

Wall Street News.

The scene is the office of a Denver silver-mining company. Enter the president, wearing a puzzled expression of countenance.

Secretary: "Anything new this morning?"

President (confidentially): "Say, I was little off last night."

"Yes."

"And I'm a little mixed this morning? Do we declare a dividend of 20 cents per share to-day?"

"O no, sir. We declare an assessment of 10 cents per share instead."

"Ah!—exactly! Well, that's better—a great deal better! Young man, let my case be a warning to you never to touch whisky. I come mighty near telling old Peters that we should declare a dividend?"

The Cost of Spurgeon's Sermons.

Philadelphia Press.

We have received many inquiries as to the cost of reporting and cabling Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. These inquiries can best be answered by giving a copy of the bill, which lies before us, for cabling the sermon printed last Monday morning—the first of the series—as follows:

Agent Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette,
Philadelphia Press, Courier-Journal,
etc., to Western Union Telegraph company, Dr.
May 20, To 5,010 words by cable at 12½c., $627.37.

The cost of cabling the first sermon, as thus appears, was $627.37. It consisted of 5 010 words: the regular commercial rate for cabling is 50 cents a word, and the newspaper rate for night service, 12½ cents. The cable tolls are shared by four or five leading papers in different parts of the country, like The Cincinnati Gazette, The Boston Herald, The Chicago Inter Ocean, and The Louisville Courier-Journal, which have united in the enterprise, and besides its share of the cable tolls, each paper has to pay the cost of telegraphing the sermon from New York to its place of publication. The sermon was telegraphed from New York to the Press over five wires and in an incredibly short space of time. Altogether it makes an expensive piece of enterprise, but the interest it has awakened is a full compensation, and the spirit of modern journalism demands such efforts.

A Telegraph Reminiscence.

S. A. F., in Titusville (Pa.) World.

It was at the close of the war, 1861, that a party of us, consisting of the thirteen tramp operators, resolved to take in the different cities, and whoever could not get work was to be boarded by the rest. Well, we had in our party Charley Weir (now superintendent of Adams Express company at Cincinnati, O., considered to be the most perfect operator in the business, owing to his great memory. He could store fifty words in his memory and write it out at his leisure word for word). Well, we arrived in Buffalo and not a man had the price of a beer. Our only savation was in striking some friendly operators. Charley made a motion that he should lead the attack and the balance hold up the rear. It appears the Buffalo office had a great reputation for catching all the operators applying for work by putting them down to take newspaper reports, which is very fast work. And Charley, putting his hat over his eyes and stumbling over a chair, braced up to the night manager's desk, and with an intoxicated smile, says: "Hic, I want a job." The manager, winking to one of the chiefs as a signal for him to inform New York sending report to slide it in, turned and says:

"Well can you copy report?"

"I reckon I can—hic," says Charley. And the manager ushered him over to the report table. Charley took the chair, and closing the key, he informed the New York operator to proceed. The manager got all the men in the office to come and witness the sport. He then found Charley looking for a pencil and New York sending at lightening speed. The boys all began to laugh, and reaching over stopped New York sending. Whereupon Charley again closed the key and told him to proceed where he left off, and, snatching a stub of a pencil from one of the operators, he flew across the sheet with lightning speed, and in less than two minutes had caught up on his copy, although sixty words had been sent. Well, you just ought to have seen those fellows look at him. New York man increased his speed until the he was tired out, and then stopped to ask if Charley was getting it at all. Charley asked him if he couldn't send faster. The manager says:

"Say, old felllow, who are you, anyhow?"

"Why, my name is Charley Weir."

They had, of course, all heard of Charley, and a more ashamed crowd you never saw. They acknowledged the joke, and the manager says:

"Mr Weir, just wait a few moments and we will all go and take something."

"Oh, thanks," says Charley, "but I have a friend or two outside."

"Ask them in, to be sure," says the manager.

Walking to the door Charley gave a whistle, and in walked twelve American travelers.

We were given as fine a supper as ever Queen Victoria relished, at the Terapin, corner Terrace and Main streets, and a better time I never had.

An Artemus Ward Letter.

New York Times.

Mr Hoyt allowed your correspondent to copy the following letter, which has never been published, and which was sent to him while he was city editor of The Times of Cincinnati—after Browne had abandoned newspaper work and entered the lecture field:

LOUISVILLE, March 17, 1861.—My Dear George: I want you to do me a favor. In Cincinnati I relied on one of my men to save the press notices. He didn't. Will you collect them for me at once and send them to me at the Bates House, Indianapolis? Cut them out and send in a letter. Now, this is taxing your good nature, but you'll do it for me, Georgie? Won't you, Georgie? Do you know that you remind me more and more of the noble Romans? I don't know who in hell they were, but you remind me of 'em, you do, indeed. And could I have appealed to one of those noble Romans to cut out some notices for me in vain? I bet you. I guess not. Remember me kindly and affectionately to Watterson (I want his notice), Andy and Starbuck. My business here is immense. Do you see the Journal notices? They are splendid. Go on, young man, go on. Deal kindly with the aged. Remember that we are here for only a little while, and that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Intoxicate the shunning bowl. Support your county paper. Love the Lord and send me those notices. Write likewise. And now, kind sir, farewell. Farewell.

"When other lips and other hearts."

Your'n, my pretty gazelle, A. WARD.

Science Pints the Way.

Detroit Free Press.

Science has had a hard struggle, said Brother Gardner at the Lime Kiln Club, but she am now top of de heap an' kin reward her frens an' forgive her enemies. How do we know dat de airth revolves on her axle-trees, same as de wheels of a wagon? Science has told us. How do we know how to cross de oshun? Science pints the way. How do we know dat de great desert of Sa-hary was once an oshun? Science has dug way down an' foun' clam shells and sharks' jaw-bones. Without science we should be a world widout overcoats in winter and sody water in summer. We would fall from harvest apple trees an' pick ourselves up widout knowin' wheder gravitashun or agitashun made us cum down instead of goin' up. We should see de moon, same as now, but some would say it was inhabitated by monkeys an' odders would have an ideah dat it was a splendiferous locality for a persimmon grove. De sun would rise an' set an' warp de shingles on de roofs, but men would go round bluffin' for bets dat she wasn't fifty miles away an' was held in place by wires.

Longfellow and Sullivan.

Detroit Free Press.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean reviles Boston because it gives Sullivan, the slugger, a $21,000 benefit, "but is compelled to solicit subscriptions from the people of other cities to pay for a statue of her favorite poet Longfellow." But the Inter Ocean is wrong and Boston is right, as she always is. She claims no exclusive right in Longfellow, but generously permits the rest of the world to share her homage and to unite with her in doing honor to his memory. But Sullivan's fame is all her own and she is jealous of any outside interference in paying tribute to his peculiar merits and greatness.

Chandler and Edmunds.

Louisville Courier Journal.

It is said that Secretary Chandler wants to keep Mr. Edmunds off the Republican presidential ticket, and that Mr. Chandler is in favor of Mr. Chandler for vice-president. As Mr. Chandler killed an alligator a few weeks ago, Mr. Edmunds will find him a strong man among the people. Mr. Edmunds will do well to go to California and kill a bear.

Another View of The "Masher" question.

Chicago Letter in Courier Journal.

A great deal is said from time to time in the various newspapers of Chicago and other large cities regarding the annoyance, and even insult, to ladies on the street alone or in couples from the class of men who have nothing better to do than to stand on street corners, in front of theatres and saloons, and at the entrances of large retail establishments and stare at passers by. Complaints are long and loud against them, and open letters are written to editors by indignant husbands, fathers and brothers regarding the outrage to society in permitting these pests to encumber the pavements. To be sure, the man is contemptible, indeed, who has neither occupation nor ambition save to be a loafer. He is an object not only for contempt, but for pity. But as to his "insults" and "impertinences," the newspaper idea is a mistaken one. In conversation with a young lady of prepossessing, and even striking appearance, upon this very subject, she made the following emphatic statement: "I'd just like to know why everybody has got so much to say about mashers. I never saw one, and I know I am as much down town shopping and one thing and another as any lady. There may be men on the corners staring at people, but I never saw one staring at me. I feel that I am not called upon to find out whether some one is looking at me or not, and I believe my experience is just the same as that of any other lady who does not desire to invite attention."

The lady who has the self-possession and the self-respect to go along about her business and manifest no curiosity as to the intentions of those who may be idling along the streets, will—granting the rare exceptions—find herself singularly free, on the streets of Chicago at least, from molestation.

Swapping Dollars at the Bar.

A man, evidently a stranger in this part of the country, entered a saloon on Main street, threw down an American dollar, and called for a drink. The bar-keeper waited on him, and handed back a Mexican dollar. The man looked first at the dollar and then at the bar-keeper, and then in a tone of surprise he asked: "Is this all right, stranger?" The bar-keeper answered in the affirmative. The man gazed around in point-blank amazement. "Is that the way you do business in this country?" he asked. Again he was answered in the affirmative. "Stranger," said the man, "I'm going to stay here, I've been hunting for this town, lo, those many years. This is the first place I ever saw where a man could swap dollars and get a drink to boot. I'm going to send for my family and all my brothers."

Development of the Fittest.

A German writer has recently shown that the "first-born of the first-born" reach maturity at an earlier age than those of subsequent birth. That is, the first calf, colt and lamb develop a little more rapidly than did their parents, or than will their own brothers and sisters. If the separation be kept up for a number of generations, the difference often becomes quite marked.

Æsthetics of Bicycling.

Lowell Citizen.

The bicycle rider with a cultivated taste for the beautiful will never pass a carriage containing young ladies of his acquaintance, while he will ride for miles at the side. He knows well enough that the profile of a bicycle rider is all right, while a front or rear view is "puffickly redicolus."

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. July 11, 1 yr.

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughters Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of the kidney, liver rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.,

"Under the care of the best physicians.

"Who gave her disease different names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters that we have shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

Error may be tolerated, if reason be free to combat it.

The following, copied from the Lowell Daily Courier speaks well of an article made in their city: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is fast growing into use, and doing much good. This is no 'patent medicine', but a preparation of a standard article for special diseases and its effect is said to be very marked. The testimonials which they give are bona fide, from those who have used the preparation, and cheerfully give their testimony as to its worth. Those afflicted with Scrofula, Billiousness or General Debility, should try this remedy. Hood & Co. are careful and experienced pharmacists, and their preparations can be relied on." July 21-1 t

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. K. Anderson.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

FARMERS,

Look to Your Interest!

Old rella'le Bone Dust, manufactured of clean, raw bone by Vaughn Bonsall & Co, at Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

Sold by N. F. Turner, of Keene, O., Agent

A sample sack can be seen at Wm. Lockard's ware room, and prices learned.

Mr. Turner can be seen at McDonald House Saturday of each week to take orders.

Aug4-1w.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. W L july 28-tf

NOTICE.

Phebe Crooks, of the county of Licking, in the State of Ohio, and Tobitha Holmes, of the county of Buffalo, in the State of Nebraska, interested in the estate of David Brillhart, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, as heirs at law legatees and devisees of said decedent, will take notice that I have presented to the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, for allowance to me against the said Estate, a certain claim for $112, with interest thereon from the 10th day of March, A. D., 1881, for 280 pounds of wool sold and delivered by me to said decedent during his life time, at his request; and at the agreed price of forty cents per pound, and that the testimony concerning said claim will be heard by said Court on the first day of September, A. D., 1883, at 9 o'clock A. M. PIATT WILLIAMSON,

One of the Executors of David Brillhart, deceased. july28 3t.

Parker'S GingeR TonìC

ONCE TESTED ALWAYS PREFERRED.

This great remedy has won its way to the highest place in the esteem of the most intelligent people. There are daily recruits to its host of friends. Its performance is invariably

BETTER THAN ITS PROMISE,

It gives tone and power. For complaints of the Kidneys, Bowels, Stomach, Liver and Lungs, for all the subtle troubles of women and for those bodily disorders induced by anxiety, care and mental strain, its effects will surprise and charm you. It is not an essence of ginger. Delicious to the palate, an antidote to the liquor habit, and exceedingly helpful to the aged and feeble. 50c. and $1 00 sizes. HISCOX & CO., New York.

PENSIONS For wound, disease or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increases, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of HUDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents 917 F St., Washington, D. C. WL july 28-tf.

TIRED ALL OVER.

What Rested and Refreshed a Weary Man in Memphis.

"No, it never amounted to an acute pain, but continued to be a dull weary ache in the small of my back," writes Mr. James Thomas, of No. 50 Madison street, Memphis, Tenn. "This was an old experience, and life became dull music. I was tired all over, with pain in the lower limbs, and a habit of lying awake of nights. Recently I tried one of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS and was decidedly relieved, within twenty-four hours. It may have been Providence that did the work, but I give the credit to Benson's porous plaster." Mr. Thomas' reverential idea does him credit, but Providence works by agents, and among them Benson's plaster ranks first as an external remedy. It acts quickly in relief and healing, and renders life better worth living. Price 25 cents. Look in the middle of the plaster for the word CAPCINE. Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

WONDER BOOKS,

NOT Books of Magic, but choice, classic literature, at prices so low as to make the old time book buyers, WONDER. About 125 TONS or half a million volumes now ready; sent anywhere for examination before payment, on evidence of good faith. Not sold by dealers—prices too low. 99 page catalogue free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

Farm for Sale.

I will sell my farm, consisting of 160 acres, 40 acres of the best of timber, balance well improved with good buildings and well watered. Terms easy, for particulars call on P. Thomas, West Bedford, or the undersigned at the farm, one mile south of West Bedford.

July 14-3t. JOHN JOBE.

SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Pittsburgh Exposition

SOCIETY.

OPEN from SEPTEMBER 6 to OCTOBER 13, 1883.

Artists, Inventors, Mechanics and Manufacturers of America are Cordially Invited to Participate in this Popular and Successful Exhibition

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J. C. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

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CLOSING OUT!

We are Still at it, and we

MEAN BUSINESS!

Such a Chance Seldom Offered. The Stock must be closed out by

September 1st,

Or Otherwise Disposed of,

Mens, Boys' and Youths' Boots, for Fall and Winter. Women's, Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. Men's, Boys' and Youths' Hats and Caps.

Full Assortment. Call Soon and Secure Bargains.

JOHN G. MAGAW.

LOOK OUT,

FARMERS!

You can buy the best Wheat Drills in the market, of

CHEAP JIM,

At from $55 to $58. Twenty dollars additional for the best fertilizer attachment. You can also get the best quality of fertilizer by the 100 pounds or ton in price from $1.60 to $2.00 per 100 pounds. Send in your orders early.

I have sold this season seventy-two Machines---sixty-eight Reapers and Mowers, and four Binders.

J. W. CULLISON,

Or Cheap Jim.

KENYON COLLEGE.

Ex-PRESIDENT HAYES has said, "The training given at Kenyon is as high, as broad, as thorough as that given at any college in the world." CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE has said, "Going out from Kenyon, a graduate may safely place himself along side of the graduates of any other college."

KENYON GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

A BOYS' SCHOOL

IS NOW one of the best Boarding Schools in the land. We invite the closest comparison between it and the best Eastern Schools.

Reference is made to the following gentlemen:

Ex-President, R. B. HAYES, Fremont, O.
Chief Justice WAITE, Washington, D. C.
Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS Washington.
Hon. JOHN SHERMAN, Mansfield, O.
Hon. GEO. H. PENDLETON, Cincinnati, O.
Ex-Gov. J. W. STEVENSON, Covington, Ky.
Ex-Gov. T. H. HENDRICKS, Indianapolis, Ind.
Ex-Gov. H. P. BALDWIN, Detroit, Mich.
Hon. COLUMBUS DELANO, Mt. Vernon, O.
Judge M. M. GRANGER, Zanesville, O.
Judge T. C. JONES, Delaware, Ohio.
Col. A. L. CONGER, Akron, Ohio.
W. J. BOARDMAN, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Catalogues, address PROF. L. RUST, Gambier, Knox County, Ohio.

Republicanism and Temperance.

Harper's Weekly.

The receipts under the Scott law in Cleveland, Ohio, are said to be so large that the general tax levy will be probably reduced; and the revenues of the State of Missouri have been increased to the amount of $1,000,000 by the high license act. These are significant facts, and they will probably lead to a general adoption of the system. The tax upon the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is based upon the economical and not upon moral considerations. The moral consideration, however, is doubtless very potent in securing the passage of such laws. The fact that the traffic produces drunkenness, and entails great expense upon the community, naturally suggests the taxation of the traffic as the most unobjectionable of taxes. It is a tax which does not touch anything necessary to subsistence. It affects nothing but a dangerous and unnecessary form of self-indulgence, and in the highest sense, therefore, it is a tax upon sulluity and luxury. Even those who, in the desire to propitiate the liquor interest, oppose a high license, do not dare to propose free drinking. They insist upon a low license as more equitable. But it is not more equitable, since a high license produces a larger revenue, and consequently lightens the burden upon actual necessaries.

The drollest ground of hostility to the high license act is that it oppresses the poor man by raising the price of his dram. This, however, is not true, for the high license, by limiting the number of traders, enables them to realize larger profits without raising the price, the traffic depending largely upon a low price. "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence," as the old English sign said. But if it were true, and if the high license did diminish the cosumption of liquor, it would consequently lessen crime and the expenses of preserving public order. This argument against high license would then amount merely to saying that sober and honest poor people should be taxed more heavily in order that tippling poor people might get drunk more cheaply. Demagogues are often forced into ludicrous positions, but there could hardly be one more pitiful than this. The appeal for the favor of drunkards under the plea of tender consideration for the poor man is a subterfuge which does not deceive the American poor man, because he is not a fool. It is in accord with the traditions of the Republican party that it should be identified in Ohio with the high license law. There are always two tendencies in society, one to good order, sobriety, industry, intelligence, morality, and progress. The other is against them. Government and politics are but indirectly concerned with them, because the object of government is to secure individual liberty, which may be trusted to promote virtue and social progress. But parties nevertheless will be found, upon the whole, to favor or not to favor specific moral objects. This is especially true of the Republican party in this country, which took its origin and derived its force from a moral impulse. Its natural tendency is even to strain the powers of government to aid general enlightenment and progress. It is the Republican party which favors a generous educational policy, and which naturally attracts the especial friends of temperance. Every reform instinctively expects help from that party. The strength of the Republican feeling for a protective tariff lies in the conviction that protection is, upon the whole, best for the poor man.

This difference of tendency between the two parties in this country was signally illustrated during the tremendous controversy upon slavery. The Republican speeches and papers were full of personal sympathy with the slave. The Democratic orators and press either denied the wrong or were absolutely indifferent and callous to it as if it did not exist. The whole Democratic treatment of slavery regarded it as solely a legal question. The attitude of the party was that of Shylock. He held a bond upon which he asked legal judgment. It was a mere impertinence and extra-judicial to speak of suffering and human life. The Democracy was the Shylock of our politics in their most vital contest. In all the long list of Democratic speeches, letters, articles, reports, and documents of every kind upon the subject there is not a single throb of humanity. There was apparently no consciousness that the question involved the dearest rights of human beings. There was, indeed, an immense talk of rights, but it meant merely the legal rights of slave holders. There was furious denunciation of Abolitionists for inciting attacks upon the domestic hearth and altar, but it was the hearth of the man-stealer, not of the stolen man. The slave was without care or pity or thought from the Democratic party, which made the country, whose government it controlled, and which perpetually boasted of freedom, the contempt of Christendom. By the same tendency the old party of human slavery is now the party of the liquor interest against the friends of temperance. But no Republican need be ashamed or anxious for his party because it is to-day the party of temperance in Ohio and elsewhere. The same impulse that made it anti-slavery makes it a high-license party.

GEORGIA CHAIN GANGS.

FEATURES OF A BARBAROUS PENAL SYSTEM.

A Southerner's Personal Observations--How Criminals are Tortured and Innocent Men Degraded.

Atlanta, Ga., Correspondence New York Tribune.

Atlanta claims to be the centre of Southern civilization, the seat of the progressive ideas of the "New South." She calls herself the only "Yankee town" of this section, and assumes that title on the basis suggested by the thrift and energy of the driving cities of the North. This assumption is by no means unmeaning. Atlanta is a remarkable city. The hum of nearly every conceivable kind of machinery is tuned in harmony with the music of cotton spindles that whirl within the walls of her large factories. Long rows of handsome and elegant structures line the thoroughfares and her commerce reaches the amount of $60,000,000 annually. When the last echoes of Sherman's cannon had ceased to reverberate through these red hills there was scarcely a house, not 500 people, and not a dollar's worth of commerce in Atlanta. To-day not less than 60,000 souls make this their home, and the business of 1883 is expected to reach $75,000,000. There are splendid schools, churches, a public library with 12,000 volumes, and eight trunk lines of railways. No one will gainsay the fact that this is a brilliant showing.

But with all this, Atlanta and Georgia disgrace themselves by their miserable system of punishing offenders against the law. Convicts are let out to serve the will of the highest bidder, and the time when the powerless slave stood upon the auction block finds its counterpart in to-day, when a thousand miserable wretches are bought by men who force from them labor through the ignominies of torture, and bring the sweat trickling down their bodies beneath the sickening lashing of the lash, accompanied by the dismal baying of the bloodhound. Children are taught the science of civic law on the one hand, only to learn the barbarous edicts of a new slavery on the other. No words can portray the miseries of the chain-gain, which a few moments ago came clinking past my door. Two white men acted as guards. They guided thirty swarthy negroes and two white men to their work of grading a neighboring street. As they passed, one poor fellow, more daring than the rest, faintly called to me and begged a piece of tobacco. I went out and gave him all I had. He took it humbly, and the guard said: "Here, —— —— you! if you speak to another white man I'll give you — —!" The procession moved on. Soon I heard a cry of pain above the clatter of the shovels and the dull thud of picks. Curiosity led me to step to my side gate to see the cause. One of the cart boys had run over a shackled prisoner; he was on the ground writhing in pain, for the cart was loaded with dirt. The guard walked up to the fallen man, and drawing from the waistband of his trousers a heavy leather strap two feet long, the end of a stout harness trace, said: "There, take that for your blindness!" and at once struck a dozen heavy blows across the convict's body. The latter seemed unmindful of the beating, and could not rise, but only groaned. Then the guard grew white with rage; the convict lay with his face in the dirt. "Here, you dirty scoundrel, if you don't get up from there I'll kill you!" and with that his foot was struck with a thud into the convict's side. Still he did not move, and two men with legs chained together had to drag him to one side, where he was stretched out almost dead. Directly he revived, and the guard called to him- "Here, — — you come to work!" The prisoner tried to rise and fell back exhausted. The guard, still uttering the foulest oaths, walked up to the prostrate man, took him by the collar, and said: "You ain't hurt; get up from here at once!" The convict slowly obeyed, and could scarcely walk. He was using a pick, and it would not enter the ground an inch from his efforts. This convict was a white man. But the negroes fare even worse.

The other day I had a long talk with one of the guards. I asked him if he didn't show the white men in the gang a little partiality. "Well," he said, "you know how that is, but don't give it away; of course the niggers are a hard set, and won't behave." And no wonder. The life of a slave during the worst days of slavery was a paradise compared to this present chain-gang system. From this guard I learned that there were negroes in his gang who had no earthly business there, some were sent up for drunkenness; some for petty thieving; others for almost nothing--merely quarreling, where not a blow had been struck.

"There is an old negro over there," said the guard to me, "who ought to be at home."

"What has he done?"

"He owns a little house on the other side of the town and rented it to a negro woman. The woman was charged with keeping a house of ill repute, and this man was sentenced to sixty days in the chain-gang for renting it to her."

"Is this true?"

"I swear it!"

And yet Atlanta is noted for her wealth of such houses, owned by some of her most noted citizens, "gentlemen" of the old school, who are never arrested for renting property for such places.

It is not an every-day occurrence that convicts are shot down, but it has occurred very often. It matters not if the prisoner has only stolen a loaf of bread; an attempt to escape means sure death from the muzzle of the guard's shot-gun. The press of Georgia has been remiss in giving this matter attention, and not a few leading journals have defended the miserable system. I could string out a list of atrocities, many of which I have witnessed, that would shame a man already bankrupt in tender feelings. A man requires by the military law of this country an average of twenty-eight inches for a step. To-day I saw a convict stumble and roll over on the ground when a guard hurried him in his mark to work. What was the matter? I looked and saw his chain was not eighteen inches long, with the ends locked to his ankles. Yesterday in this same gang a big well-proportioned mulatto, strong and athletic, raised his hands, dropped his pick, and fell unconscious on the ground. He had heart disease, and was dragged out to one side, where he lay panting in the broiling sun, with not a hand to releive his suffering and no effort on the part of the guard to give him even a cup of water. "Is that man sick?" I asked the guard. "No, —— him, he is is only playing 'possum." I went up to him, and drew a cart over him to give him shade. His pulse was drawn out to a thread, and his heart palpitated with the vehemence of a pounding machine. His respiration was over thirty. He did not breathe, but only gasped.

On the other side of town some days ago I saw another large gang of these miserable creatures. To the legs of a burly negro was chained a small emaciated white boy, as pale as a ghost. The boy had stolen bread and the negro had pilfered meat. Not long ago the son of a well known Confederate general killed a poor negro by beating him to death with a club or strap on a North Georgia railroad chain-gang. This fact is known and talked about over Georgia. Perhaps the only argument the men who are in the ring advance in favor of the system is that the death rate is less here than in any other State. I will not say that good quarters are not provided. They have enough to eat; good clothes—and a living death!

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

MILLWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of this state, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truely marvelous."

There is certain dignity to be kept up in pleasure as in business.

Keep off malerial diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Pills. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

Consumption can be cured by a persistent use of N. H Down's Vegitable Balramic Elixer. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

True wisdom is general, consists in energetic determination.

☞ A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a 10 cent package of Diamond Dye. They color Silk, Wool or Cotton

Be a lamp in a chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IN EPILEPSY.

"I prescribe it in my practice!" is the expression used by *Dr. J. A. Patmore*, of Riley, Ind. He referred to *Samaritan Nervine*, and further along says: "It cures epileptic fits."

It is living twice to be able to enjoy the past portion of life.

S. P. Churchill, Cleveland, O., says: "The best recommendation we have for Brown's Iron Bitters is that it gives entire satisfaction."

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.

WHAT IT DID FOR AN OLD LADY.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28 1878.

Gents—A number of people had been using Hop Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the last ten years has not been able to to be around half the time. About six years ago she got so feeble she was *helpless*. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, about forty-five miles away and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children have also derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sasaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle or six for $5.

SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

THE SMALL FARMERS OF THE OLD NORTH STATE.

People Who Lead the Life of a Hundred Years Ago.

Wake County, N. C., Correspondence New York Sun.

There is in this region a singular uniformity of architecture. The pattern after which the residences are built is a single story frame house of four rooms. Two large chimneys stand at the ends—huge masses of extramural masonry of brick and stone, which are monuments of the most wanton waste of space, labor and material. The roof projects over a piazza, from which doors open directly into three of the rooms, for there is no hall. The "big room"—the room of general use, where visitors are received—contains a high, rough, big bedstead on which at all seasons there is a feather bed covered with a scrupulously white counterpane, a rickety table with a blue covering, a rough splint-bottom rocking chair, and two or three other home-made chairs, the legs of which are painted blue, and on the backs of which you may read the name of the bungling maker in big blue letters. The floor is carpetless, but it glistens from the weekly scrubbing with sand. Above the high mantelpiece there is a religious chromo in terrifying colors, and a few religious books hold the table in place. The three other rooms also are bedrooms, and they are furnished or unfurnished in the same plain way. The kitchen, which is built of logs, stands fifty feet from the other house. It is innocent of a cook stove, but guilty of the most extensive fireplace that was ever constructed—big enough to roast an ox whole. There is a large yard of large oaks, and for a hundred feet on either side of the front gate the fence is of boards, the rest of it of rails.

Such is the residence of a prosperous man, so at least he considers himself, who lives ten miles from Raleigh and three from the village of Cary, and the residences of the most of his neighbors are built and furnished in the same way. He has three daughters and two sons, and all but one little girl are grown. The boys occupy one room which, besides the bed and the wooden pegs behind the door on which they hang their clothes, contains little but their "chests"—plain, wooden boxes, painted blue, in which they keep their "store suits," their pistols and their fiddles. The girls have similar depositories for their Sunday "finery."

This man owns three hundred acres of land, nearly one hundred of which are under cultivation, and a large part of the rest is covered with oak and hickory, which, near a good market, would be worth a fortune. He and his sons work the farm, with the help at the busy season of a hired negro. They go afield early, but they work rather slowly. Their method of work was indicated by the trouble that they recently allowed a broken hinge to give them. The barn door is unnecessarily heavy, and a fortnight ago one of the wrought iron hinges wore in two. They swung the decrepit door two or three times a day on one hinge for a week, remarking every day that it ought to be mended, and propped the door with a rail. When the other hinge was broken two rails had to be used. Then one of the boys took a mule from the plow, rode two miles to a blacksmith shop, and waited till a pair of hinges was made. Next day the door was mended, having cost nearly two days' labor of the boy and mule, a week's trouble, and the price of a pair of hinges.

The old lady and her daughters make with their own hands nearly all the clothes the family has. There was a time when the old woman spun the thread and wove the cloth, and she maintains now that there is no thread so good to darn with as the thread of her own spinning. So she keeps her old spinning wheel for occasional use and for spiritual comfort, and last year she gathered cotton from the field, which she followed with her own fingers on its long journey from the stalk to the stocking. The housework and the gardening are the only employments of the woman, but they always seem to be busy. Once a week they boil the clothes in a pot, suspended from three poles which are placed in the front yard near the well. The monotony of wash-day is often relieved by fishing for the bucket with the pot-hooks. Cooking is a very simple thing, for the frying-pan and the pot do their whole duty. Indeed, the frying pan is the origin of all their ailments, certainly of the old lady's dyspepsia, of the children's thin, gristly faces, and of the oldest boy's necessity for grog. Fried bacon for every breakfast will postpone the millenium anywhere; add to that fried sweet potatoes, and an active outdoor life and a perfect atmosphere must do their best to keep a naturally robust people from groans. The frying pan is a worst enemy of man in all this country than whisky or politics. When all the ground is yellow with mellow apples, and the odor of peaches and grapes is blown over every breakfast table, nobody eats fruit except "between meals;" and the very chickens have the pleasure of life taken because neither broil nor oven awaits one of them, but always the frying pan.

In the evening, after supper and before the early bed time, the boys sometimes play on their fiddles, their feet accompanying the three tunes they know, "The Arkansaw Traveler," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "The Old North State," while the rest of the family hold their hands in silence. And many an evening these five intelligent adults sit the livelong hours holding their hands, now and then saying a word, as if by accident, and pretending to do nothing; yet they are happy. The art of resting has not been cultivated so well anywhere else. True, the old woman does usually ply her knitting needles, stopping now and then to remark, while she rubs snuff, that her old bones feel "streaks" of rheumatism, but that it's hard to wear out an old leather string. The girls sometimes have quiltings, and these are the "parties" of country society. When the quilt has been quilted, the young ladies and gentlemen will range themselves around it; one young man will throw a cat on the quilt and exact a kiss, while "Fisher's Hornpipe" is played, from the girl upon whom it leaps. And this sport goes on while the apples bake before the fire of lightwood knots.

This man and his family are prosperous, comfortable, and very happy. If you ask him about his well-being, he will assure you that his well contains better water than any other in the county. Nearly everything that he needs or wants, including tobacco, is grown on his farm, and if he has little cash he has little use for it. His children can read and write, and it would be hazardous to stand sponsor for their orthography. He receives his weekly church paper from Raleigh, which brings him a week old all the news he hears from the world, sandwiched always with good doctrine and spiritual consolation for the unsuspected evils of the frying pan. He is a good citizen, a kind neighbor, an upright man, a Free Mason, an uncompromising Democrat, and a no less uncompromising Baptist. He will ride ten miles any Sunday to inquire after the health of a sick neighbor, and the old lady has sat many a night, when there was necessity for it, by the bedside of a neighbor's sick child. When the plums and wild strawberries are ripe, she invites her fruitless friends to come, and the boys are summoned with a horn from the field to help the girls gather half a bushel for every visitor. To offer payment, of course, would be an insult.

The preacher once made a persistent but vain effort to persuade this man to send his boys to a boarding school and then to college. But a collegiate education here implies one of the learned professions; neither of the boys felt "called" to preach, they were not "smart" enough to be lawyers, and there were already two good doctors in the neighborhood. Moreover, his father before him had never been to college, he himself had never been to college, and they had both "got on mighty well," and he didn't see why his sons shouldn't do so, too. Of course, you couldn't change his opinion about anything with any greater ease than you could buy an acre of his land. On this man's life the railroad, the printing press, and the Post Office (but for his weekly paper) to say nothing of the telegraphs, of banks, and of trade, and all that makes modern life different from ancient life, have no influence at all. He lives a hundred years ago. A country full of such yeoman is very safe, but it is likewise very slow.

But this man has a neighbor who is a less prosperous and active though no less contented person—a man who is sometimes called an old fogy by his neighbors, because he never road on the cars, and never had a box of matches in his house. The fire that was kindled in his big fireplace thirty or forty years ago has fed ever since on such rich hickory logs and been preserved by such good ashes at night that it was as sure a fire as that on the vestal altar. This worthy old citizen drives his ox cart to Cary once a fortnight with a yoke of Homeric fashion; and, while his ox chews its cud, he talks to the whittlers at the Postoffice about States' rights, Old Hickory Jackson, and the Mexican war, in which there is a tradition that he was a soldier.

HAY FEVER.

For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Hay-Fever. While I was suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Trichoner's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The effect was marvelous. It enabled me perform my pastorial duties without the slightest inconvenience, and I have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for Hay Fever.—Wm. P. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Not a liquid nor a snuff.

One and a-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm, entirely cured me of Hay Fever of ten years standing. Have had no trace of it for two years.—Albert A. Perry, Smithborough, N. Y.

I have used Ely's Cream Balm for Hay Fever and experienced great relief. I most cordially recommend it as the best of all the many remedies I have tried.—T. B. Jenks, Lawyer, Grand Rapids, Mich. Price fifty cents. Aug 11

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

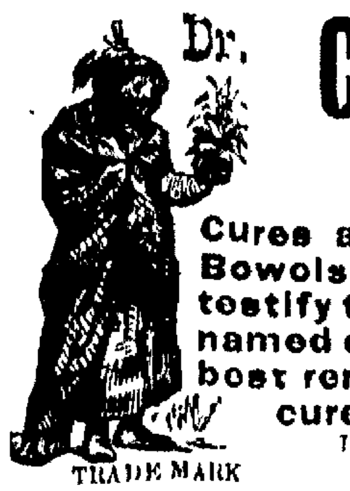
Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Cold Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure contains the healing properties of pure white Rock Candy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson.



TRADE MARK

Dr. CLARK JOHNSONS
Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood, Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the best remedy known to man. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia. Agents Wanted.

Laboratory 77 West 3d street, New York City, Druggists sell it

New Lexington, O., April 10, 1880 —Dr. Clark Johnson,—Your justly celebrated Indian Blood Syrup has given me great relief for nervousness and sleeplessness. I would not be without it. S. C. PUSS,

SOMETHING NEW

ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,

THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. 1 style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.

☞ Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line may5-6m.

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT Cures as it by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and sores etc Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8 1y.

Some of the best English jockeys are women; daughters of farmers or of country squires who have lost their fortunes. They have been accustomed to ride to hounds from their childhood, are perfectly fearless, and their light weight in the saddle makes them desirable as jockeys. Charles Kingsley's poem of "Loraine Loree" has one of these women jockeys for his heroine

PROBABLY NEVER

In the history of proprietary medicines has any article met success at home equal to that which has been poured upon HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. Why, such has been the success of this article, that nearly every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. Every week brings new evidence of the wonderful curative properties of this medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the Best Remedies of the vegetable kingdom, and in such proportion as to derive their greatest medicinal effects with the least disturbance to the whole system. In fact this preparation is so well balanced in its action upon the alimentary canal, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the bowels and the circulation of the blood, that it brings about a healthy action of the entire human organism, that can hardly be credited by those who have not seen the remarkable results that have followed its use. If the Sarsaparilla does not prove sufficiently laxative, take a few doses of HOOD'S VEGETABLE PILLS. It is well in all cases of biliousness to take these pills in connection with the Sarsaparilla for the first ten days. That dull, sleepy, sick feeling can be wholly overcome by the use of these remedies. Will you give them a trial and be yourself again?

An ex-alderman of this city says of Hood's Sarsaparilla, "It is the strongest Sarsaparilla I ever saw."

Each dollar bottle contains one hundred (averages) doses. Sold by all druggists.

Price one dollar, or six for five dollars. Hood's Sarsaparilla, prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

☞ Use HOOD'S TOOTH-POWDER.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

J. M. COMPTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: East side Public Square, in Equity Building.

JOHN D. NICHOLAS .... E. W. JAMES,
NICHOLAS & JAMES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to suits in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.
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FINLEY & WERNETT,
DENTISTS.
Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main & Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention —Dec.15'76

E. J. STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS
STICKLE & NICHOLAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE in City Hall Building,
COSHOCTON, OHIO

HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street, over Lee's Drug Store

J. C. POMERENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule taking effect Jan 14, 1883

Trains depart from and arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry Depot, at Coshocton, as follows

GOING WEST.

	Depart	Arrive.
Express	*1.21 a m	*2:16 a m
Express	*3.17 a m	*2:47 a m
Accommodation	†6:48 a m	†7 20 p. m
Express	*1:10 p m	*11.10 a m
Express	*5.12 p m	*2 10 p m

GOING EAST.

	Depart	Arrive
Express	*2.10 a m	*1 21 a m
Express	*2.40 a. m	*3:17 a m
Express	*10.38 a. m	*1.10 p. m
Express	*2 10 p m.	*5 51 p m
Accommodation	†7 20 p m	†6:18 a m

*Every day. †Except Sunday

Local Freight going West leaves at 9.15 a m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Columbus time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager. Columbus, O
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Agt Pittsburgh, Pa

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate

MILL PROPERTY.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on Saturday, the 25th day of August, A. D. 1883, at 1 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Coshocton and State of Ohio, and township of Linton, to-wit: Being part of the north-east quarter of section ten (10), of township four (4) and range five (5), United States Military lands, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in said quarter section from which the north east corner of the brick house (situate on lot number three (3), in the town of East Plainfield), bears north 12 and three-fourths degrees, west 94 links distant, and running thence south 34 degrees, east (through the center of the bridge across Wills Creek), five chains and forty links to a stone; thence south 54 degrees, west three chains and eighty-seven links to a stone, from which a gum tree 14 inches in diameter bears north 87 degrees, west twenty-five links; thence north 42 degrees, west four chains and twenty-seven links; thence north 48 and one-half degrees, east two chains and ten links to a stone; thence north 42 degrees, west seventy-four links to a stone; thence north 48 and three-fourths degrees, east two chains and fifty-one links to the place of beginning, containing two and three hundredths (2.03) acres, more or less There being on said premises a Saw Mill, Planer, Flouring Mill, including all fixtures and machinery belonging to each.

Appraised at $5 000.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash on day of sale one-third in one year and one-third in two years. Deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured by mortgage on premises sold.

BENJAMIN WIGGINS,
Administrator of Ezra Parker, deceased
July 14-5t.

FARM FOR SALE.

300 ACRES.

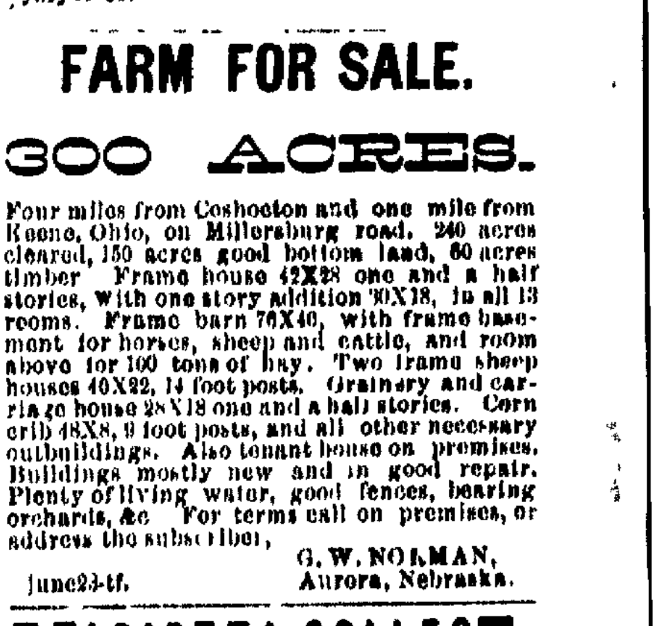
Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 155 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 20X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 76X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, with room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Granary and carriage house 28X18 two stories. Corn crib 48X8, 8 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Plenty of water on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

G. W. NOLMAN,
Aurora, Nebraska.
june23-tf.

MARIETTA COLLEGE,
—Marietta, Ohio.—

Established in 1835. Is well equipped for the best educational work. Two courses of study in College and Preparatory Department. Deserving young men encouraged by loans, scholarships, and prizes. Expenses moderate. Fall term begins Sept. 5th.

J. W. ANDREWS, President.
July 14-4t.



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TOBACCO
EXCELS ALL OTHERS IN
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GREAT
AMERICAN CHEW
EASY CHAIR
BAG GRANULATED, and
WIDE AWAKE
LONG CUT,
Are the two most Popular Delightful and Fragrant SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.
Price, 10 Cents for 4 oz. Packages.
SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati.

CURED BY FAITH.

Invalids Openly Testifying to Remarkable Cures.

Old Orchard, Me., Correspondence N. Y. Sun.

The closing sessions of the Faith Convention have been attended by more than 6,000 persons. The invalids who have come here from all over the country do not all of them return home ablebodied and vigorous, but many are rejoicing over miraculous changes, as they claim, in their condition. Of the 227 anointed on Thursday, many yesterday declared that they been made whole in soul and body. One of the most noteworthy of these was Miss Gibbs, of Canada, who for six years has been afflicted with cerebro spinal meningitis, and had been obliged for a long time to lie upon a board fitted for her back. When she came here she was barely able to walk. Dr Cullis prayed with her. She says her pains have left her, and she now sits at the meetings enjoying the services. Miss Jennie C. Clark, of Berwick, Me., claims to have been cured of heart disease that compelled her, coming here, to refrain from all excitement. She could not sit up, and came here with much difficulty. Last year Miss Edith Lord, of the same town, was cured of St. Vitus' dance, which had kept her continuously in motion for the previous six weeks. No return of the disease had been felt.

The prayer and conference meeting yesterday morning at the grove was conducted by Dr. Cullis. At the close of the services it was announced that the customary sermon would be omitted, and in its place the faith workers would tell what had been done in answer to prayer. Dr. Cullis opened the meeting with a brief account of his work in and around Boston, where he, as he expresses it, through prayer, has established and supported a Consumptive Home at Highlands, with separate houses for those desiring to be cured by faith and for those afflicted with spinal complaints. There are also two houses for orphans in the city. There is a mission at the north end for sailors, and on Beacon Hill is a faith training college, book depository, and chapel. Five or six years ago, while holding the annual convention here, his attention was turned toward the South and the freedman, and before he left the grounds, a gentleman told him that, if he wanted to buy the site and buildings of the old Randolph Macon College at Boydtown, Va. which were offered for sale, he would give him $10,000, and the purchase was made. At Walpole, Mass., a home has been provided for those afflicted with cancer. In California a mission has been provided for Chinese, and several missionaries have been sent to the mission fields of India. All this, requiring funds to the amount of over half a million dollars, has been accomplished without personal solicitation.

The closing address yesterday afternoon by Dr. Cullis was based on he text, "I believe in God." The speaker defended his faith, saying that he was not in the least moved by the criticisms of the press, which has called him an impostor, the apostle of the beach, &c. The main portion of the address was devoted to exhortation to faith in all things in life.

ILLITERACY IN THE SOUTH.

Startling Facts; Shown by the Census—Necessities of Education.

Rev. Dr. Átticus G. Haygood, President of Emory College, Georgia, delivered an address last week at Monteagle, Tennessee, upon the education of the negro. We make this extract:

"A man who does not know that voters ought to be able to read and write does not know enough to be argued with. The illiterate vote of our Southern States is simply appalling, and this illiterate vote is increasing. From 1870 to 1880 there was an increase of illiterate voters in the Southern states of nearly two hundred thousand. Figures may not be interesting to a mixed audience, but they are sometimes instructive. I will give you a few on the illiterate vote of our section of the Union: In Georgia the illiterate vote in 1870 was 21,899; in 1880, 28,571; the negro illiterate vote in 1870 was 100,551; in 1880, 116,516. The white illiterate vote in Kentucky in 1870 was 43,826; in 1880, 54,955; the negro illiterate vote was in 1870, 37,840; in 1880, 43,177. In Tennessee the white illiterate was in 1870, 37,713; in 1880, 40,948; the negro illiterate vote was in 1870, 55,938; in 1880, 58,601. In Texas, in 1870, the white illiterate vote was 17,505; in 1880, 33,085; the negro illiterate vote in Texas, in 1870, was 47,225; in 1880, 59,609.

Let those philosophers who think that education "spoils the poor for laborers" take heart. The uneducated adults among whites and blacks in the South increase crease in number. If ignorance makes them better laborers, there has been great advance in our industrial resources since 1870. There were among us nearly two hundred thousand more grown men who could neither read nor write in 1880 than in 1870. Doubless 1883 would show still further progress—but progress downward.

Surely it can not be needful before this assembly to point out the perils to our institutions involved in this huge and increasing illiterate vote. How are the votes of ignorant men determined? First, in small part by the counsels of the wise and good citizens. I say in small part, for the bad and designing demagogue has more power over the ignorant vote than the good and unselfish patriot. Second, the votes of ignorant men are largely determined by prejudice. Out of prejudice proceed conflicts and all manner of social and political wrongs. Third, the votes of the ignorant are largely influenced by bribes, offered in one form or another. And this means fraud and corruption without end and bottomless. The worst thing about this huge illiterate vote is not the incapacity of the voters to use their ballots wisely, it is this: Ignorance fits them exactly to become the tools of corrupt men of superior intelligence. With an illiterate vote large enough to hold the balance of power, elections are, for the most part, dictated by demagogues and manipulated by villains. It is left to intelligent, industrious and honest citizens to settle the costs of corrupt government.

A FIELD FOR YANKEE GOODS.

The Teeming Population of India Wants Millions of Plows and Windmills.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Consul General Mattson, of Calcutta, in one of his recent reports to the State Department offers some useful suggestions for those manufacturers who would like to extend their market to India.

There is to be an exposition in Calcutta next December, which Mr. Mattson thinks will give American manufacturers an excellent opportunity to show their wares and open up a profitable trade with the greatest but most primitive wheat raising people in the world. The Indian ryots cultivate 200,000,000 acres of land, and plow it from two to five times a year with no better instrument than an iron-pointed stick which does not turn over the soil, but only stirs and shakes it to the depth of three to four inches. This wretched antediluvian plow is the principal agricultural instrument used in India. The wheat when harvested is cleaned and prepared by the same system of hand-winnowing that was in use among the ancient Israelites. It is due to the imperfect ons of this process that Indian wheat is always, notwithstanding its fine quality, quoted lower in the Liverpool market than American or Australian wheat. The price has to be adjusted to the fact that 5 per cent of the Indian wheat is dirt.

For a great many reasons the poor and unskilled Hindo laborer could not use many of our complicated and expensive agricultural implements, but he could use plows and fanning-mills. The small American garden plow, which turns a furrow of eight or nine inches and is so light that a ten year old boy can carry it on his shoulder and a good sized pony can work it in the field, is, in Consul General Mattson's opinion, the very plow to introduce into India. An immense market, he predicts, awaits the successful manufacturer. Some slight changes which he describes would have to be made to adapt the plow to the customs of the ryot, who always drives his plow with small bullocks yoked far apart, and regulates their motions by jerking and twisting their tails near the roots with his hands.

There are little sketches given of the Indian plow and of the manner in which it is managed in the fields. The fanning mills should be made light. The average ryot has only fifty to sixty bushels of wheat to clean, so that the fanning mills would be bought generally by the little village communities. As there are 450,000 of these there ought to be nearly as good a market for a suitable fanning mill as Col. Sellers figured out for his water for the sore eyes of Asia. The demand for these implements is universal, the Consul says, and is universally acknowledged. Efforts have been made to introduce them from Europe, but all the samples have been too heavy and expensive.

Ravages of the Wolves in Russia.

From the London Times.

Statistical report lately addressed to the Russian Minister of the Interior estimates the damage done by the wolves in forty-five European governments of Russia during the year 1873 at 7,500,000 roubles. The government of Samara was set down as the greatest sufferer, to the extent of 650,000 roubles; next came Vogolds, at 560,000 roubles, and so on. The Polish and Baltic provinces and Arcangel came off best. But competent judges consider this estimate of wolfish mischief much too low. It is calculated on the basis of a low average value for all Russia as if the price of an ox or a sheep was about the same everywhere throughout the empire. It also sets the absolute amount of mischief at far too low a figure.

Probably 15,000,000 roubles or $12,000,000 would more nearly represent the value of the domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves in European Russia. To this should be added the value of the wild animals destroyed by them. The reindeer alone killed in Siberia would represent a high figure. Then there is the loss of human life, which can never be accurately known. In 1875 the police reported 161 persons killed by wolves.

Muskingum College.

This Institution, located at New Concord, Ohio, continues to grow and prosper. For forty-six years she has been educating and sending out young men and women, who have done and are doing well for themselves and for others. Latterly she has been growing quite rapidly, and last year has been the best in her history, her catalogue list being 215. Both the Classical and Scientific courses have been extended recently—the latter during last year. The endowment is growing. $12,000 were received in one lump last June. The prospects for next year are better than ever. Young men and women, who desire a thorough education—or even a few terms of study cannot do better than go to Muskingum College.

The next term opens Sep. 4th. Those who think of attending school this fall should send to President Spencer for a Catalogue.

VIRGINIA'S CLAIM.

Demanding $732,809 from the Federal Treasury Under the Act of 1863.

Washington Dispatch to New York Sun.

A demand has been presented to the Secretary of the Treasury on behalf of the State of Virginia by Judge W. W. Willoughby and F. E. Alexander, representing said State, that the Secretary of the Treasury deposited with the Treasurer of Virginia the sum of $732,809, being the fourth installment of the amount directed to be deposited by the thirteenth and fourteenth sections of the act of June 23, 1836, entitled "An act to regulate the deposits of the public moneys." By these sections it was directed that the surplus revenue that should be in the treasury on Jan. 1, 1837, after reserving $5,000,000 which surplus was ascertained to be $37,348,859, should be deposited with the States, then twenty-six in number, according to representation, in four quarterly installments during the year 1837, and to remain with such States until necessarily called for by the Secretary to meet appropriations by Congress.

The first three installments were so deposited, but payment of the fourth was postponed by Congress untill Jan. 1, 1830. There not being at the latter date a sufficient sum in the Treasury not subject to charges which had not been imposed by Congress, the Secretary, Levi D. Woodbury, failed to make the final deposit, saying though that he should be bound to make it whenever there should thereafter be a sufficient sum in the Treasury not subject to other charges that could be so used. Such deposit has never been made with the States. In 1841 the act of June 23, 1836, was repealed, expressly reserving, however, the thirteenth and fourteenth sections and it is contended that they are now in force.

The attorneys claim to have documents and other evidences showing it to be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to make this deposit on demand of the State of Virginia, and will argue the question soon after his return. Judge Willoughby is proceeding under an act of the Virginia Legislature authorizing contracts to be made for the collection of this and other claims.

Delevan, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. BOYCE

Aug. 11.

The untruthful man makes a bad companion and a worse friend.

R. C. Callow, Canal Winchester, O., says: "I am handling Brown's Iron Bitters successfully and it gives general satisfaction."

The jewel of assurance is best kept in the cabinet of an humble heart.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea is occassioned by humor in the stomach. Hoods Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.

CURES ROSE COLD.

IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays Inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package —stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY BROTHERS, nov25-1y. Owego, N. Y.

SAMARITAN
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE
THE GREAT
NERVE
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A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Proprietors
St. Joseph, Mo. (11)

Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.
Sold by all Druggists.

New Life

is given by using Brown's Iron Bitters. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. Brown's Iron Bitters ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for Brown's Iron Bitters, and *insist* on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "*just as good.*" The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

LAND Claims a Specialty, and WARRANTS, ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD CERTIFICATES and all kinds of LAND SCRIP bought and sold. Large Stock, and HIGHEST PRICES paid. [illegible] to sell or buy? If so, write to [illegible] Attorney-at-Law, Washington, D. C.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

—TO THE—

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

JUDICIAL.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 73.

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed (cast) at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled.

J. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY, WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

[SEAL.]
April 7. 6 mon.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

TO THE

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

Section Eighteen of Schedule.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

[SEAL.]
April 7-6m.

PENSIONS for Soldiers on any disease wound or injury. Fees, $10. Bounty, Back Pay, Discharges for Deserters, etc., procured. 14 years experience. Address C. M. SITES & CO., 604 F St., Washington, D. C. Jan30-tf.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

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BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS
of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.
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CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES.
For old and young, male and female

MAGNETIC MEDICINE, a brain and nerve food. Positively cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness; and for all weakness of the Generative Organs in either sex. It is an unfailing and positive cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars we will send our GUARANTEE or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and BEST medicine in the market. Full particulars in Phamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50c. Six for $2.50, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Coshocton by J. F. Compton, who will issue guarantees.
(Before) (After)
Sept. 30-1 year

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF PIONEER LIFE
A popular account of the Heroes and Adventurers, who by their Valor and War-craft beat back the Savages from the borders of civilization and gave the American forests to the plow and the sickle.
By A. L. MASON with an introduction by Dr. J. C. RIDPATH. 1,000 pp. 100 magnificent Illust's. Specimen pp. free. AGENTS WANTED. Jones Bros. & Co., CINCINNATI, O.
July14 8t.

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LIVERY STABLE,
In rear of Central House,
Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses one trusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

J. J. BROWER, M. D
Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,
Corner Walnut St., and Burt Ave., Coshocton.
Office Hours—From 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m. and 5 to 7 p. m. mar17-6m.

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GO TO
W. S. PALMER'S,
NO. 111 2d STREET,
Where you can find a full assortment of
LEATHER,
SHOE FINDINGS, &c.,
At the lowest cash prices

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
AT THE OFFICE OF
BUCKLEW & MURPHEY.
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COSHOCTON - - - - OHIO.

HAVE YOU
CANCER?
IF YOU HAVE,
It can be Cured!
NO CURE, NO PAY!

Dr. J. Kinney, of Coshocton, has had long experience in the treatment of Cancer, and has been very successful. He can cure cancer beyond a doubt, taking them out root and branch, without the loss of blood, and without using the knife.

Cancer, to insure a cure, should be taken at an early stage, but he has effected cures when life had been despaired of. Below will be found the names of a few in this and adjoining counties who have been cured by him:

Joseph Barley, of Dresden, had cancer on the arm; cured in 1865.

Thos. Crosier, of Dresden, had cancer on the shoulder; cured in 1862.

Mrs. Zentmeyer, of Dresden, had cancer on the breast, and she was given up to die. It was cured by Dr. Kinney, and she lived five years, when she died from softening of the brain. Her husband is still living in Dresden.

John Love, of Keene township, had cancer some years since.

Cases have recently been successfully treated as follows:

Alexander Love, of Linton, had cancer on lip Treated successfully by Dr. Kinney.

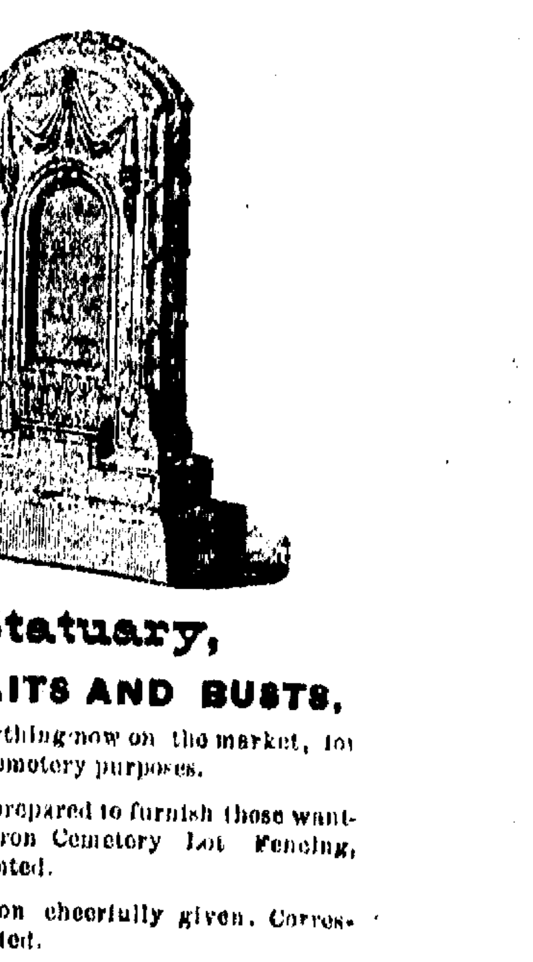
Malachi Jones, Plainfield, had severe case of cancer on leg. Cured by Dr. Kinney.

Mrs. McMillan, Uhrichsville, had cancer on face. Dr. Kinney effected a perfect cure.

If any who read this have cancer, they should not delay another hour, because now you can be cured, but if let run you may die. Do not accept our word alone, but write to any of the above named parties who can tell you what was done for them. For further particulars call on or address,

DR. J. KINNEY,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

White Bronze Monuments,



Statuary,
PORTRAITS AND BUSTS,
Superior to anything now on the market, for Cemetery purposes.

We are now prepared to furnish those wanting it, with Iron Cemetery Lot Fencing, Bronzed or Painted.

All information cheerfully given. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE: Equity building, East of Public Square, Fourth Street.

W. H. ROBINSON, Local Agent.

L. B. WOLFE, General Agent for Coshocton and Knox counties.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan6-1y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan6-1y.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Jan6-1y.

NOTICE TO
TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,
COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

JOSIAH HARRIS, Clerk.

Mary Stuart Face Powder
Contains no mineral poison. Tint or White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-23-1y

GEO. T. KAGLE,
The People's Shoemaker,

PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

Was it a Mastodon?

On Monday evening, August 6th, J. R. Franklin, in company with T. J. Reynolds, while crossing one of the tributaries of the Mohawk, one and a half miles above the village of Mohawk, found a tusk which is evidently that of a mastodon. A small portion of its curved surface was seen in a drift by Franklin, who dug it from its place and found it to have the following dimensions: Outer curve 42 inches, inner, 36 inches, measurement round at various places, 11¾, 12½, 12¾ and 11¼ inches; weight, 24 pounds and 11 ounces. It is in a good state of preservation. The specimen is in possession of Franklin, now temporarily residing at Warsaw.

X. N.

County Commissioners.

The Board met in regular session on Monday. Bills and accounts were presented and allowed to the amount of $2,319 41.

Bonds of the following contractors were presented to the Board and approved:

A. G. Wolfe, bond $1500, for repairing Coshocton and Warsaw road.

D. G. Cooper, bond $1000, for repairing road near Frew's mill.

J. C. & S. B. Miller, bond $8,000, for masonry of Perry Darling bridge.

Wrought Iron Bridge Company, of Canton, bond $20,000, for superstructure of Perry Darling bridge.

Clerk's Office.

New Cases

Catherine Fett vs Margaret Heins et al. petion for partition.

John M. Compton administrator of the estate of David Wagoner deceased vs James T. Brister; amount claimed, $392.15 with interest from September 16th 1877.

Rubina J. Randles et al. vs Mary E. Gonder et al. petition for partition.

SERVANTS' WAYS IN JAPAN.

How Foreigners are Fearfully Victimized--The Household Purchasing Department at the Mercy of the Servants.

Corres. Boston Transcript.

But unfortunately the stipulated amount of wages is not all that a servant receives. To be sure, no food is provided for them (excepting what they help themselves to). The cook is really the head of the house. He does nearly all the marketing, and the amount of "squeeze money" he gets is not small. Just here is where the difficulty comes, and it is one that cannot be obviated. The merchants help their own people in preference to foreigners, who sometimes are fearfully victimized. I pride myself on being prudent and economical, and on holding my servants somewhat in check. Generally a family allows a cook to use his own judgment about the food for the table. Accounts are squared up once a week, or sometimes once a day. But the cook does not go into particulars. He will simply read over his items and the corresponding amounts, and the mistress does not know whether the roast of beef weighed five pounds or six; whether there were ten or twenty pounds of potatoes, etc.

In order to keep things in their own hands, a few enterprising people are doing their own marketing. But does it pay? There are nine chances in ten that your cook will leave you at once. Not only that, but he will keep any other cook from coming to you. Then, as a general thing, one cannot buy as cheaply as a native can, in spite of their squeeze money. There are two markets in our foreign settlement, and the dealers ask the same prices to cook or mistress. At present I go to them and do all my marketing. I know how many pounds of meat I bring, and also the price. But there is not much satisfaction in that. There is not much doubt but what my cook gets a percentage on all that I buy.

If you go out into the city to buy, unless you know just what an article is worth, you will most likely pay dearly for it. The natives seem to think that every foreigner is a mint or a mine.

I once had occasion to buy a certain article, and thought that I would first let my cook price it for me. He brought back answer that the cheapest price was thirty yen. I went to the shop and was charged thirty-eight yen for the same article, nor would the dealer lower his price until I told him that my cook told me that the price was but thirty yen. The price was lowered at once to that figure. Query—How much did my cook "squeeze?"

Another instance. I have had occasion to get a number of little jobs done at a blacksmith's place. I always make it a point to pay all such bills at once, requiring the man to bring a written, receipted bill. My servant brought me these, so you can imagine my surprise, when the servant left my employ, to have bill after bill presented to me for payment. No one, however, pressed me in the least, but said that if the man had left me it was all right. It appears as if the dealers were careless, but they are not. When a servant leaves one man, he immediately commences work for another; and the last master has to pay for all his new servant's debts. A little amount will be added to every job he gets done. We are greatly at the mercy of our servants. If we are bargaining with any one before a servant, he simply "tips the wink" to the dealer, and we are "sold." If one persists in trading at a different place from that recommended by a servant, rest assured that the nemesis will surely come.

This is where the cost comes in- living among a people who are strangers to you, and whose language you imperfectly understand. If one keeps a team, he is obliged to have a groom or "betto," as he is called. This man must run ahead of the carriage to clear the road. The law does not require him to run with a saddle horse. This individual would feel grossly insulted if you should ask him to do a little garden work. In fact, one servant will do but one kind of work, and generally he is very, very slow in doing that. A Japanese is seldom in a hurry; there is plenty of time in which to do his work. A curious fact concerning servants is that, according to our ideas, men and women interchange work.

The Officer's Reply to the Czar.

Pall Mall Gazette.

When Col. De Galitzin was colonel in the Russian guard he reeled out of a restaurant on one occasion into the public street in broad day in a disgraceful state of intoxication. Unfortunately for him, the father of the present czar happened to be passing at the time, and saw him. He was arrested and brought up to the emperor, who, after making a few indignant remarks, informed the colonel that he was determined to make an example of him. "Put yourself in my place," said the czar. "Suppose that you were the emperor and that you saw an officer of your guard in the state I see you now, what would you say to him?" "Sire," answered the colonel, who seems to have retained some portion of his wits, "if I were emperor I would not address a single remark to such a brute." He heard nothing more of the matter.

The Nobodies of the Crowd.

Philadelphia News.

In a crowd: "Who is that man?" "Oh, he is one of the most prominent Irish-Americans." "Who is that other one?" "He is a distinguished German-American." "And that one?" "A well known French-American." "And that one over there with a bundle under his arm?" "Oh, he's nobody—nothing but an American-American."

"THE PREACHER'S BOY."

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

I recollect the little tad, back years and years ago—
"The Preacher's Boy" that every one despised and hated so!
A meek-faced little feller, with white eyes and foxy hair,
And a look like he expected serious trouble everywhere;
A sort o' fixed expression of suspicion in his glance;
His bare feet always scratched, with briers and green spots on his pants,
Molasses marks along his sleeves, his cap-rim turned behind—
And so it is "The Preacher's Boy" is brought again to mind.

My fancy even brings the sly marauder back so plain,
I see him jump our garden fence and slip off down the lane;
And I seem to holler at him and git back the old reply—
"Oh, no! your peaches is too green 'for such a worm as I.'"
For he scorned his father's phrases—every holy one he had—
"As good a man," folks put it, "as that boy of his was bad!"
And again, from their old buggy-shed, I hear "the rod unspared"
That never "spoiled the child," of course, for which nobody cared!

If any neighbor ever found his gate without a latch,
Or rinds around the edges of his watermelon patch,
His pastur' bars left open, or his pump spout choked with clay,
He'd swear 't was "that infernal preacher's boy," right away!
When strings was stretched acrost the street at night, and some one got
An everlastin' tumble, and his nose broke, like as not,
And laid it on "The Preacher's Boy"—no powers, low nor high,
Could ever quite substantiate that boy's alibi!

And did nobody like the boy?—Well, all the pets in town
Would eat out of his fingers, and canaries would come down
And leave their swingin' perches and their fishbone jist to pick,
The little warty knuckles that the dog would leap to lick—
No little snarlin', snappin' fiste but what would leave his bone
To foller if whistled in that tantalizin' tone
That made the goods-box whittler blasphemously protest
He couldn't tell, 'twixt dog and boy, which one was orneriest!

'Twas such a little cur as this, once, when the crowd was thick
Along the streets, a drunken corner-loafer tried to kick,
When a sudden foot behind him tripped him up, and, falling so,
He "marked his man," and jerked his gun—drawed up and let 'er go!
And the crowd swarmed round the victim, holding close against his breast
The little dog, unharmed, in arms that still as they caressed
Grew rigid in their last embrace, as with a smile of joy
He recognized the dog was saved. So died "The Preacher's Boy!"

When it appeared before the 'squire, that fatal pistol ball
Was fired at "a dangerous beast," and not the boy at all,
And the facts set forth established, it was like belittlin' then
To order out a possy of the "City Council-men"
To kill the dog! But, strange to tell, they searched the country round,
And never hide nor hair of that "said" dog was ever found!
And, somehow, then I sort o' thought—and half way think to-day—
The spirit of "The Preacher's Boy" had whistled him away.

How the Stage Villain Blew Out the Candles.

New York Letter.

Let me give you a two-minute sample of him. He had made up his mind to murder the rightful heir. It was night, and three candles were burning on a table. These he was to extinguish before going into the intended victim's bedroom adjoining. A simple matter, say you? Not so. It was marked for impressiveness. The orchestra played low and wierdly. The villain, beginning at a front corner of the stage, made a horribly wry face, laid his finger on his lips, sent a squirm from his shoulders down his back to his very heels, and started on tip-toe for the candles. The distance in a straight line was no more than twenty feet, but by a zigzag route with side excursions to doors and windows, and stop-offs for pantomime, it was lengthened to a hundred or so. Arriving at length at his destination, he rested his hands on the table, and the tremulousness which he carefully imparted to that piece of furniture made it instinct, as to its legs, with the active life of a jig dancer. This alarmed the villain, as well it might, and he circled round himself several times before his equanimity was restored. Then he blew mightily upon the nearest candle. That the flame went out should not have astounded him. And yet it seemed so, for he recoiled, gasped convulsively, and regained composure with a struggle. The flame of the second candle made no resistance to his breath; but its extinguishment threw him once more into convultions, and his face went rapidly through with such widely varied aspects as to demonstrate his qualification for sure success as a depicter of curious countenances. It did not seem possible that he had saved power for a climax at the third candle, but he was too experienced an actor to make a mistake like that. He approached this final tallow stealthily, stepping higher on his toes, curving his back into new contortions, and lifting his hands above the flame as though about to bless rather than destroy it. There was a spell of violent effort with his mouth, making it look desperately rebellious against his purpose, and bent onblowing in any and every direction save that of the candle; but it was remorselessly brought to bear, and the blaze was gone. I have an idea that the villain would have finally thrown a flip-flap, but that he was restrained by the roaring laughter of the audience.

Heavy Legal Expenses.

New York Tribune.

As an illustration of the heavy fees charged by lawyers, appraisers and others for closing up an estate an executor of the will of a wealthy Brooklyn gentleman, who died lately, states that a searcher in the county clerk's office had made a charge of $360 for a mere transcript of only ten pages of legal cap of the assets as determined by the appraisers. The work occupied half a day of this valuable penman's time, and required no research or calculation, and no responsibility was assumed. Expert engrossers would gladly work for one-tenth the sum. When remonstrated with the clerk said "he didn't often get a job of the kind, and had to charge roundly."

The Middle State in Thought.

Buckle's History of Civilization.

An immense majority of men must always remain in the middle state, neither very foolish nor very able, neither very virtuous nor very vicious, but slumbering on in a peaceful and decent mediocrity, adopting without much difficulty the current opinions of the day, making no inquiry, exciting no scandal, causing no wonder, just holding themselves on a level with their generation, and noiselessly conforming to the standard of morals and of knowledge common to the age and country in which they live.

Photographing Sounds.

Chicago Herald.

Bargains are hourly made by telephone in this city, but no evidence of them is preserved. The telephone makes two a company, but has no place for a third, so there is neither record nor witness of what is said. Science, however, seems ready to afford a means of getting legal evidence of telephonic transactions through photography. The fact of photographing sound variations has been accomplished, and it may yet be applied to the telephone. The shadow of the vibrating plate is caught, and the curve it makes vary according to the sounds uttered, the vowel curves being more complex. Here is the nucleus of a genuine phonography, which may yet add to the wonders of the telephonic age.

Luke Tim and "Bull Dog"

Tim Flannigan always lived quite high,
For next to the 'oof he had a home.
A laborin man who kept a job
For Tim was never a man to roam,
Wan avenin' Tim was ploddin' home;
His leg were heavy his pockets lite.
Sez Tim to himself: "The laborer's lot
I'm not regardin' wid delite."
He slowly trudged along the strate,
When down foreninst him on the ground
He spied a bundle nately tied.
It wondered Tim what he had found,
He picked it up wid a cautious hand,
Begorra! It might be dynamite.
But when he saw 'twas Bull Dog plug
His heart when thumpin with delite
Bedad, sez Tim, its the laborin man
Its him as hez his eyes cast down
Picks up dainties the rich let fall;
For if I'd had my wish this nite
'Twas Bull Dig Plug I most desired.
'Tis Bull Dog always gives delite.
To a man tha's fallin' sore and tired,
When dimes are scarce and Bull Dog gone,
'Tis then the world gits lookin' Blue;
But not a razon for complaint
Has a man wid Bull Dog plug to chew.

* * * * * *

And Tim was rite beyond a doubt,
For chewers now on ivery hand
Agree with Tim that Bull Dog is
The foinest chew in the land.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. L. M. GRAY, of Zanesville, O.,

For twenty-two years I have been practicing Dentistry in Zanesville. My work challenges comparison with that of any other Dentist in the State of Ohio. I have always labored to keep my prices up to the professional standard, but my competitors have zealously and constantly labored to lower that standard, by peddling Dentistry all around over the country with a horse and wagon, doing cheap work, thereby lowering the dignity of the Dental profession. I now decide not only to still maintain my position at the head of the profession in skill, but to announce to the citizens of Coshocton and vicinity that from this time forth I enter the ring for competition in prices. A fine set of Teeth on best Rubber, $10.00, and pay railroad fare from and to Coshocton, or $8.00 and customers pay fare; the finest gold filling $1.00. Condensed Nitrous Oxide from the best manufacturers in the world for extracting Teeth without a particle of pain. aug11.

MR. BLAINE' NEW WORK.

Enjoying the Charms of Literature--His Opinion of Democratic Prospects.

Washington Letter in N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Blaine expects to go to Maine for the summer in a few days. He has been leading a very quiet life here this spring. He ages rapidly in appearance, though those nearest him say that his health is excellent. Every pleasant afternoon Mr. Blaine rides with his wife in an old family carryall, but he is not seen much in the more crowded thoroughfares. He likes to drive out into the country, and his carriage is frequently seen in the wooded roads of the park at the Soldiers' home. Blaine's friends say that he has lost all political ambition. He takes a passing interest only in events, makes fun of Arthur's administration, and says that only accident can prevent Democratic success in 1884. Blaine thinks that none of those now prominently named as possible candidates will be nominated by the Democrats, but looks for a repetition of the circumstances that led to the nomination of Franklin Pierce in 1852. He regards the chances as decidedly in favor of the nomination of some man who like Pierce, was hardly known before.

It is with his venture into literature that Mr. Blaine has mostly occupied his mind this spring. He seems suddenly to have discovered he has a literary workshop that is as suggestive and delightful as money can make it, he is drinking the newly discovered cup to the dregs. His library is on the second floor. Here, after he has breakfasted, he repairs and plunges into his work. Occasional visits to the congressional library furnish him with much of the data that he requires for his work, and this is supplemented by correspondence, by his own letter and private records, and, more than all, by a memory that seems to be able to recall all the events of his twenty years of public life as though they were all crowded into yesterday. It is not Mr. Blaine's intention to make the work in any sense a series of personal reminiscences, but briefly to describe, as a historian, the important public events of the past twenty years. There is a good deal of curiosity already to get hints of how he is doing it; but he keeps his own counsel, and asks advice and hints of no one. He spends five or six hours daily on this work, only quitting his desk in time to take his afternoon drive. He expects to finish the work early in the winter.

Carpet Patterns on the Lawns.

New York Tribune.

The fashion of bedding plants of different colors in carpet patterns has been developed in English gardens under conditions of warmth and moisture which are unknown in this climate. In the short, hot and dry summers of the United States, striking effects of this formal and artificial style of planting have not yet been attained, but every year the florists are sending out new plants obtained by careful hybridizing and selection, with a view to produce varieties with bright hued foliage and fast colors under our trying sun. It is in stylish summer resorts that the lawns are most profusely ribboned, embroidered and emblazoned with floral bravery of this sort. From Newport comes the account that twenty thousand plants of a single variety have been ordered for one mass of color on the grounds of a swell villa. The shortest name yet invented for any one of these twenty thousand specimens is alternanthera parychoides major, but all this name has not yet discouraged the little plant from gleaming very brightly, in crimson and gold. The casual statement that this bed of alternantheras will cost $2,000 adds a slightly prosaic and commercial flavor to the story, but then decorations of this class are more widely appreciated when they are known to be expensive.

'An Insulted Pug-Dog.

Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

I had a perfect love of a pug-dog, a very dude of canines, and he was of noble birth too, as the fancier assured me when I bought him. I proudly took him out for his first walk with me yesterday, leading him by a satin tape attached to a silver mounted collar. Well, the impudence of the plebian classes is simply astounding. As common a street cur as ever you saw came up to him in the most familiar manner possible and rubbed noses, just as though they were equals. My pug resented the insult, of course but the cur didn't sneak off abashed—he went at my pug like a cyclone, pawed him, scratched him, bit him, shook him, wiped the gutter with him. It was dreadful; and I don't see how he can ever be fixed up fit to be taken out again. I give this incident to show how, even among the dogs, our aristocracy is no longer held in awe by the low orders. Pretty soon we will have Bowery girls thinking themselves as good as any of us. Deary me!

The New Postage Stamps.

The portraits on the new postage stamps are as follows: 1-cent, Franklin; 2-cent, Jackson; 4-cent. Washington; 5-cent, Taylor (old) and Garfield (new); 6-cent, Lincoln; 7-cent, stanton; 10-cent, Jefferson; 12-cent, Clay; 15-cent, Webster; 24-cent, Scott; 30-cent, Hamilton; 90-cent, Perry.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	75
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	12½
Bacon, sides, per pound	11
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 2 50
Beeswax, per pound	15
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	15
Eggs per dozen	14
Flour per sack	1 60
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	50
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	90to100
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	55
OATS—	42
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$6 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	70
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton Age, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1880, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 5 00a4 50 good, 3 50a4 00; medium, 2 00a3 00.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a75c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 17a18c; "Gilt Edge," 16a17c; Creamery, 22a26c; Choice Roll, 14a15c; Extra Choice Roll, 15a16c; Medium, 9a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 8a7c, Peaches, halves, 6a7c; red do, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a26c; Rasberries, 31a35c, Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 60a65c & Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 17a18

HONEY—York State 22 to 25, White Clover 20to23; Buckwheat 18a20.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live Chickens, 75a85 per pair, according to size; Spring chickens, per pair 50a70c.

POTATOES— 135 per bush.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2¼c; Woolen, 1-1a1¼c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 2 00a2 10, Clover, 850a8 75, for small; 8 50a8 75 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7¼c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 14a1 15; Medium, 1 13a1 11.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 57a58; Yellow Shelled, 54a55; Ear Corn, 59a60

OATS—38 a39c for white, 37a38c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 65a66.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75 a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 25a 6 00; XX Family, medium winter 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 17 00a 18 00, Coarse, do, 15 00a 16 00; Seconds, 13 00a13 50; HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, a 10 75a11 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00 Prairie 8 00a8 50

East Liberty Stock Markets.

Condition of the Markets at East Liberty.

Pittsburgh August 8 1883

CATTLE—Extra, 1,500 pound steers, $6; common and medium, 4 75to5 40; fat cows, and bulls, $3to 4.

HOGS—Tops, $5 75; good light hog, $5 75to 5 80

SHEEP—Extra, 100 to 110 pound, 5 10to5 30; good, 90 to 95 pounds $4 75to 5; 80 to 85 pounds $4 00to4 50; common, 60 to 70 $2 50 to3; lambs, $4to5 50

The Best

PLACE to secure a business Education, or perfect [illegible] Spencerian Penmanship, at Cleveland, is at the

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Cor. Superior and Seneca Sts., Cleveland, O.

No vacations. Circulars free.

WANTED Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. Salary and expenses paid. Experience not essential. Mention this paper. Address LeCLARE & HERRICK, Rochester, N. Y. Aug11-4t.

FARMERS!

THE ANNUAL

HARVEST HOME PICNIC

Of the Coshocton County Pomona Grange will be held on the Infirmary Farm, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28th,

Commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. An address will be given by S. H. Ellis, Past Master of the Ohio State Grange. Mr. Ellis is an experienced, practical farmer, and a very interesting speaker.

Good music will be furnished by the Plainfield Brass Band and by the Orchestra of the Lafayette Grange.

After the speaking, all who desire to visit the Infirmary Buildings will be conducted through them by the Superintendent.

This is not an Exclusive Grange Picnic,

But all farmers and others, who are interested in the advancement of Agriculture and the elevation of the Agricultural class, are cordially invited to bring their families and lunch baskets and participate in the enjoyments of the day.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and **natural** sleep, without **morphine.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

WILL THIS MAKE THEM GO?

Well, we Should Smile!

Great Reductions in Prices on Summer Goods, a few of which we quote:

50 Boys' Linen Coats,	former price,	$1.00,	reduced to	$ .25
15 " Blue Linen Suits,	"	2.75,	"	2.00
19 Men's " "	"	4.00,	"	3.00

Also, a large line of Dusters, White Vests, Alpacas, Mohairs, and in fact, all Summer Goods reduced to nearly one-half their actual value. Secure these bargains before they are all closed out. We will give special notice to the public of Coshocton County and surroundings that from August 1st we will begin a Grand bona fide Special Sale of our entire stock, before removing to our new store.

Respectfully Yours,

DAVE & IKE,

CITY HALL CLOTHIERS,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1 00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

CAPITAL CITY

Commercial College

Columbus, Ohio. Send for Catalogue. WOODRUFF, COOPER & MURRAY, Proprietors.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of David Waggoner, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 12th day of July, A. D., 1883.

July21-3w. J. M. COMPTON

CHAMPION CITY COLLEGE

(Popularly known as "Student's Paradise,")

Short-hand, Telegraph, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Banking and Penmanship Departments

Largest and most complete practical business college in America. No graduate out of good paying employment. Send for College Journal.

F. W. WILLISS, President, Springfield, Ohio.

Aug11-4t.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

To those who have called on us that we mean to close out our Entire Stock of Goods, as

Prices Tell the Story.

We say to Our many friends to come and buy while you can at such

LOW PRICES.

We will continue from

DAY TO DAY

Until all is sold. Come early and often and secure the bargains.

J. POCOCK & SONS.

BENJ. COE,

The Old Reliable Stove and Tin Man,

MAIN STREET. OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

Can sell you at bottom prices, Cook Stoves, Oil Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, and anything in the House Furnishing line, a full stock of which is constantly kept on hand.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

A specialty, and at terms that can not be excelled, if duplicated. Call or write for estimates.

Legal Notice.

Mary E. Gonder, Elvina Shumaker and Thomas J. Bailey, who reside at Chetopa, Labette county, in the State of Kansas, and James M. Bailey, who resides at Tippecanoe, Marshall county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 7th day of August, 1883, Rubina J. Randles and James P. Randles, her husband, filed their petition in the Common Pleas Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others praying for partition of the following described real estate, situate in New Castle township, Coshocton county, Ohio: And being sixty five and one-half acres off the east side of the south west quarter of section numbered twenty-one township number six, and range nine, and being a part of the lands owned by Edward Bailey at the time of his decease.

Also, a part of said south-west quarter of section twenty-one, township six and range nine, bounded and described as follows: Commencing for boundary on the north line of said quarter section 50¾ rods east of the north west corner of said quarter section; thence east along said north line twenty rods; thence south 160 rods to the south line of said south-west quarter, thence west 20 rods along said south line; thence north to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, more or less.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 6th day of October, A. D., 1883, or judgment may be taken against them.

RUBINA J. RANDLES,
J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiffs.
Aug11-6w.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executor of the Estate of William Shears, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 8th day of August, A. D., 1883.

Aug11-3w. JOHN WAGONER.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed and qualified as Administrators of the Estate of James Ogilvie, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 20th day of July, A. D., 1883.

JOHNSON OGILVIE,
F. M. OGILVIE.
July 28-3t.

WITTENBERG COLLEGE,

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

The Winter Session of Wittenberg College will begin Sept. 6, 1883. Theological, Classical, Philosophical, Ladies', Academic and Normal Departments. Tuition for the winter term, consisting of 26 weeks, $21.00. Boarding can be had at reasonable rates. Instruction thorough and practical. For catalogue, or circular, address the President.

July 28 4t. S. A. Ort, D. D.

Public Sale.

The Administrator of David Wagoner, deceased, will sell at public auction, on

Friday, Aug. 24, 1883,

The personal property of the deceased at his late residence, near Coshocton, Ohio, consisting of

3 head of work horses,
10 " " young cattle,
100 " " sheep,
45 " " lambs,
10 " " stock hogs.

Corn in ground, hay in stack and mow, and farming implements. Sale to [illegible] A. M.

J. M. COMPTON [illegible]

Aug11-2w.